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The Life Mason
Volume 1



FEBRUARY 22, 1889.



SOCIETY OF
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION
"

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New-York
May 3, 1884



CONSTITUTION
♦ ♦ BY-LAWS ♦ ♦
MEMBERSHIP



NEW-YORK
THE DE VINNE PRESS
1888

Gift
Mrs. Julian James
1912



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OFFICERS.



1889.

President:

FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE.

Vice-President:

FLOYD CLARKSON.

Secretary:

JAMES MORTIMER MONTGOMERY.

Treasurer:

ARTHUR MELVIN HATCH.

Registrar:

ASA COOLIDGE WARREN.

Historian:

AUSTIN HUNTINGTON.

BOARD OF MANAGERS:

John B. Ireland, Geo. Clinton Genet, Henry W. Le Roy,
 James Duane Livingston, Geo. Parsons Lathrop, John C. Jay,
 M. D., Rev. Brockholst Morgan, William Gaston Hamilton,
 Robert F. Bixby.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY FROM ITS ORGANIZATION,
DECEMBER 4TH, 1883:



<i>Elected.</i>	<i>Presidents.</i>	<i>Retired.</i>
1883	JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS,	1884
1884	FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE,	—
	Vice-Presidents.	
1883	JOHN COCHRANE,	1884
1884	THOMAS HENRY EDSALL,	1886
1886	ELBRIDGE T. GERRY,	1888
1888	FLOYD CLARKSON,	—
	Secretaries.	
1883	AUSTIN HUNTINGTON,	1884
1884	GEO. W. W. HOUGHTON,	1886
1886	JAMES MORTIMER MONTGOMERY,	—
	Treasurers.	
1883	GEO. H. POTTS,	1885
1885	F. J. HUNTINGTON,	1885
1885	AUSTIN HUNTINGTON,	1886
1886	ASA COOLIDGE WARREN,	1887
1887	ARTHUR MELVIN HATCH,	—
	Registrar.	
1887	ASA COOLIDGE WARREN.	
	Historian.	
1888	AUSTIN HUNTINGTON,	—

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF
NEW-YORK, MAY 3D, 1884.



Incorporators.

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS,

JOHN COCHRANE,

AUSTIN HUNTINGTON,

*GEO. H. POTTS,

FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE,

GEO. W. W. HOUGHTON,

ASA BIRD GARDINER,

THOS. H. EDSALL,

*JOSEPH W. DREXEL,

JAMES MORTIMER MONTGOMERY,

JAMES DUANE LIVINGSTON,

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, JR.

“SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.”



Whereas, it has become only too evident, from the steady decline of proper celebration of our national holidays,—the Fourth of July, Washington’s Birthday, etc.,—that popular interest in the events and men of the War of the Revolution is gradually fading away ;

And, Whereas, we believe that this lack of interest is to be attributed, not so much to lapse of time and to the rapidly increasing flood of immigration from foreign countries, as to the neglect on the part of descendants of Revolutionary heroes to perform their duty of keeping before the public mind the memory of the services of their ancestors and of the times in which they lived :

Therefore, the Society of the SONS OF THE REVOLUTION has been incorporated, to perpetuate the memory of the men who in military, naval or civil service, by their acts or counsel, achieved American Independence ; to promote the proper celebration of the anniversaries of Washington’s Birthday, the Battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the Fourth of July, the Evacuation of New-York by the British, and other prominent events relating to or connected with the War of the Revolution ; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records and other documents relating to the War of the Revolution ; to inspire among the members of the Society and their descendants the patriotic spirit of their forefathers ; and to promote social intercourse and the feeling of fellowship among its members.



CONSTITUTION.



ARTICLE I.

The name of the Society shall be "SONS OF THE REVOLUTION."

ARTICLE II.

The Society shall be perpetual.

ARTICLE III.

The purpose of the Society is to keep alive among ourselves and our descendants the patriotic spirit of the men who, in military, naval or civil service, by their acts or counsel, achieved American Independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records and other documents relating to the War of the Revolution; and to promote social intercourse and good feeling among its members now and hereafter.

ARTICLE IV.

Any person shall be eligible for membership in the Society who is a male above the age of twenty-one (21) years, a resident of the State of New-York, and who is descended from an ancestor who, either as a military or naval officer, soldier, sailor, or as an official

or recognized subordinate in the service of any one of the thirteen original Colonies or States, or of the National Government representing or composed of those Colonies or States, assisted in establishing American Independence during the War of the Revolution; and no person other than such shall be eligible to membership in the Society.

Provided that any person having an office in the State of New-York for the regular transaction of business shall be deemed a resident of the State of New-York for the purposes of the Society.

ARTICLE V.

Whenever seven or more persons, non-residents of the State of New-York, but all residing in any one other State or Territory of the United States, shall present to the officers of the Society, designated by the by-laws to judge of the qualification of candidates for membership, proof which shall satisfy said officers that they are suitably qualified, the officers shall so report at the next meeting of the Society. The Society may then, or at any subsequent meeting, authorize the said seven or more persons so qualified as incorporators to organize an auxiliary branch of the Society in the State or Territory in which they reside. Provided, however, that only one auxiliary branch shall be created in each State or Territory.

ARTICLE VI.

The officers of the Society shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Board of Managers, consisting of those officers *ex-officio*, and nine other members.

ARTICLE VII.

This Constitution shall be altered, amended or repealed only by a vote of three-fourths of the members of the Society present, at a meeting specially called for the purpose of such alteration, amendment or repeal, after five days' notice in writing having been given of such meeting.



BY-LAWS.



SECTION I.

Members shall be elected as follows: Candidates may send their names and documents, or other proofs of qualification for membership, to the Board of Managers; and, upon a favorable report from said board, and upon payment of the initiation fee, shall thereupon become members of the Society.

SECTION II.

The initiation fee shall be five dollars (\$5.00), the annual dues three dollars (\$3.00); or the payment at one time of fifty dollars (\$50.00) shall constitute a life member; and the member so paying shall be exempt from the payment of annual dues.

SECTION III.

That in order to form funds which may be respectable, and assist the unfortunate, all life-membership fees or donations which shall hereafter be paid the Society shall remain forever to the use of the Society; the interest only of which, if necessary, to be appropriated to the relief of the unfortunate.

SECTION IV.

The Society shall hold an annual meeting on the fourth day of December, 1884, and in each and every year thereafter, at which a general election of officers by ballot shall take place, except when such date shall fall on Sunday, in which event the meeting shall be held on the following day. In such election, a majority of the ballots given for any officer shall constitute a choice; but if, on the first ballot, no person shall receive such majority, then a further balloting shall take place in which a plurality of votes given for any officer shall determine the choice.

But inasmuch as by the law of the State of New-York, under which this Society shall be incorporated, it is provided that the names of the Board of Managers for the first year shall appear in the certificate of incorporation, no election of a new Board of Managers shall be held until the fourth day of December, 1885, but the present Board of Managers shall continue in office until that time.

SECTION V.

At all meetings of the Society fifteen (15) members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, except at a meeting called under Article VII. of the Constitution.

SECTION VI.

The President, or in his absence the Vice-President, or in his absence a chairman *pro tempore*, shall preside at all meetings of the Society, and shall have a casting vote. He shall preserve order, and shall decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal to the Society.

SECTION VII.

The Secretary shall conduct the general correspondence of the Society. He shall notify all members of their election and of such other matters as he may be directed by the Society. He shall have charge of the seal, certificate of incorporation, by-laws and records of the Society. He, together with the presiding officer, shall certify all acts of the Society. He shall, under the direction of the President or Vice-President, give due notice of the time and place of

all meetings of the Society, and attend the same. He shall keep fair and accurate records of all the proceedings and orders of the Society; and shall give notice to the several officers of all votes, orders, resolves, and proceedings of the Society affecting them or appertaining to their respective duties.

SECTION VIII.

The Treasurer shall collect and keep the funds and securities of the Society; and so often as those funds shall amount to one hundred dollars, they shall be deposited in some bank in this city to the credit of SONS OF THE REVOLUTION, and shall be drawn thence on the check of the Treasurer for the purposes of the Society only. Out of these funds he shall pay such sums only as may be ordered by the Society, or by the Board of Managers. He shall keep a true account of his receipts and payments, and, at each annual meeting, render the same to the Society, when a committee shall be appointed to audit his accounts.

SECTION IX.

If, from the annual report of the Treasurer, there shall appear to be a balance against the Treasurer, no appropriation of money shall be made for any object but the necessary current expenses of the Society until such balance shall be paid.

SECTION X.

The Board of Managers shall be thirteen, namely, the President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, *ex-officio*, and the remaining nine elected as hereinbefore provided for the election of the officers of the Society.

They shall judge of the qualification of the candidates for admission to the Society, and shall, at each meeting of the Society, report favorably all those they find qualified as such under the constitution. They shall have charge of all special meetings of the Society, and shall, through the Secretary, call special meetings at any time, upon the written request of five members of the Society, and at such other times as they see fit. They shall recommend plans for promoting the objects of the Society, shall digest and prepare business, and

shall authorize the disbursement and expenditure of unappropriated money in the treasury for the payment of current expenses of the Society. They shall generally superintend the interests of the Society, and execute all such duties as may be committed to them by the Society. They shall appoint a Registrar, who shall keep a roll of members, and in whose hands shall be lodged all the proofs of membership qualification, and all the historical and geographical papers, manuscript or other, of which the Society may become possessed: and who, under the direction of such Board of Managers, shall, for adequate compensation, keep copy of such similar documents as the owners thereof may not be willing to leave permanently in the keeping of the Society. Such Registrar, if practicable, shall be an officer of the New-York Historical Society.

At each annual meeting of the Society they shall make a general report.

At all meetings of the Board of Managers, a majority shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

SECTION XI.

Ayes and nayes shall be called at any meeting of the Society upon the demand of five members.

SECTION XII.

No alteration on the by-laws of the Society shall be made unless such alteration shall have been openly proposed at a previous meeting and entered in the minutes with the name of the member proposing the same, and shall be adopted by a majority of the members present at a stated meeting of the Society.





THE NAME OF WASHINGTON.

Read before the Society on February 22, 1887.

SONS of the youth and the truth of the nation,—

Ye that are met to remember the man
Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation,—

Honor him now; set his name in the van.

A nobleness to try for,

A name to live and die for—

The name of Washington!

Calmly his face shall look down through the ages —

Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;

Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;

Quick with the light of a life-giving morning.

A majesty to try for,

A name to live and die for—

The name of Washington!

Though faction may rack us, or party divide us,

And bitterness break the gold links of our story,

Our father and leader is ever beside us.

Live and forgive! But forget not the glory

Of him whose height we try for;

A name to live and die for—

The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting

Days, with the image of days long ended;

Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting

Unto the souls from his spirit descended.

His grandeur we will try for;

His name we'll live and die for—

The name of Washington!

GEO. PARSONS LATHROP.



THE CONTINENTAL SOLDIER.

♦

Address delivered by COL. FLOYD CLARKSON before the Society on
February 22d, 1887.

♦

Mr. President:—In responding to the toast, “The Continental Soldier,” it may give rise to the suggestion that we are praising ourselves, for by the Constitution of our Society only those can become members who have sprung from the loins of the Continental Soldier, embracing in the designation not merely those who enlisted in the regiments of the line of the different States, but also those who served under the broader banner of the minute-man and the militia; those through whose veins flows the blood, drops of which watered the seeds of human liberty sown in these colonies one hundred years before; the fruitage of which now gladdens the whole earth.

And yet, Mr. President, so many generations are between most of us and those actors on one of earth’s most conspicuous fields (for we are not so closely allied as is our dear, good friend Mr. Benjamin or Mr. Delevan) that we can properly recount the noble qualities they evidenced, and not be charged with egotistic display,—for the pen of the historian has with golden hues recorded their names and deeds upon the temple of fame, and the Muses have with seraphic harmonies sung their praise.

The Continental Soldier, and especially those of the line, were long-suffering and patient.

In a new country, with a government not organized to meet a powerful foe, with its authority not fully recognized,—to establish

which they battled ; without credit and without means, except such as loyal men placed upon the altar of their country, it was to be expected almost as a matter of necessity that supplies would be scanty, pay would be long deferred, severe hardships were to be undergone ; but as you read the story of the march from Westchester through New Jersey, shoeless, blanketless, with insufficient clothing, the snow reddened with the patriots' blood, and when those Continental Soldiers went into cantonments at Valley Forge or at Morristown, and the history of the winter's life at those places is read, how nobly do those men rise before us in their long-suffering and endurance. The icy current of the Delaware, with the great cakes of ice, was not an impassable barrier to those hardy men ; the swamps of South Carolina became their house and their fortress, and the waters of the Pedee and Broad mirrored their triumphant ambuscades, as Marion's or Sumter's men fled across the fords of those streams and quickly turned to strike the Tory and the regulars of Tarleton.

Besides, Mr. President, the valor of the men who fought out to a successful issue the establishment of this nation, attracts our admiring wonder and wins our warmest praise.

From Bunker Hill the veterans of one of the proudest nations of Europe recoiled again and again before the militia gathered from the fields and shops of New England ; on the heights of Long Island, Sterling and Smallwood so bravely contested every foot of ground that caution took the place of bravado on the part of the invader. Trenton and Princeton gave evidence of the bravery and alertness of the Continental Soldier, and his ability to measure arms with the choice troops of General Howe. At Monmouth Court House, though betrayed through the envy and ambition of a conspicuous commander, the heroism of the Continental Soldier turned the tide of battle and made the darkness of the night a welcome mantle to cover the flight of the veterans of Europe. At Bemis Heights, the militia and the line from Connecticut and Massachusetts, from New Hampshire and Vermont, and our own beloved State, together with the riflemen of Morgan, threw themselves with such impetuosity upon the grenadiers of Great Britain and on hired soldiers of Germany, that surrender became a necessity, and Burgoyne's army reached not Albany except as prisoners of war.

And so on through the list of Brandywine, Germantown, Cow-

pens, King's Mountain, and others, the soldiers of the Revolution maintained their attacks, and when not victorious made the contest so sanguinary that the victory of their opponent lost most of its advantage.

But, above and beyond all,—above their endurance and long-suffering, above their patience and their valor,—their love of country, their glorious patriotism, rises as their most sublime characteristic.

Trained in a school whose lessons were of the rights of man, the individuality of each one, and his inalienable right to govern himself, to pursue his honest calling in his own way, to enjoy life and the happiness which law and order and prosperity should give him, he loved the country which secured him those blessings, and he loved it beyond and better than life and all things else.

Going into battle without the organization which long experience in the great contests of Europe had given their opponents, with the consciousness of weakness which comes from lack of drill and unity of thought and movement, with inferior arms and with insufficient ammunition; yet those glorious men unhesitatingly committed themselves and their dearest interests to the hazard of the conflict, assured that their devotion to country and to the cause which that country represented in the struggle, their unyielding patriotism, and the consequent bravery of each one, would bring victory out of these elements of disaster.

This Society would fail of its proper usefulness, unless, as we recall these and other qualities and principles of our fathers, we shall deepen, in ourselves and in our posterity, devotion to these same elements of prosperity of our country, and assist in turning back the wave of lawlessness and anarchy which is reaching our shores from the looser and wilder classes of foreign agitators and dreamers.

We shall fail in doing our duty to our country unless we shall show that, though removed by two or three or four generations from those heroic men, we still cherish their principles of civil and religious freedom, of law and order, and shall by our words and deeds and influence work for the growth and spread of the glorious principles of our Fathers, the Continental Soldiers.



OUR COUNTRY:

“Divine Providential Preparations for Making her the
Home of Liberty.”

♦

Address delivered by Rev. BROCKHOLST MORGAN before the
Society on February 22d, 1887.

♦

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I am aware that there are many, not among ourselves, however, who would object to the wording of the toast to which I have the honor to respond to-night. Providence is an unknown quantity in the thinking of many. They would scorn to read the history of this country, or of any other land, in the light of such an interpretation. “Providence,” said the French skeptic, “is on the side of great battalions.” The history of nations is to such men like a rudderless ship, sent across the vast ocean to drift whither the winds and tide may direct. And any counting upon Divine Providence, as the toast suggests, in interfering in the government and direction of human affairs, is but the weakness of superstition or the invention of priests.

But it is not in such a light that you and I would read the history of our country, or review the great deeds, to commemorate which we are assembled here to-night. Those gallant men of the Revolution, whose descendants we are, entered upon their perilous and almost hopeless struggle with the inspiration that their cause was none other than the cause of God. Indeed, I believe that, at the foundation of all human greatness, there must lie the belief that,

back of us, there is a power which will sustain the right, and bring things good out of evil. It was that faith which supported Columbus when he first steered for our shores and his superstitious and drunken sailors would have cast him into the sea. Among the profound discouragements of our Civil War, defeat upon the field of battle, and treason in our great cities, the soul of Abraham Lincoln was upheld with the belief that God had not abandoned this nation, but that it would emerge from the struggle mightier than ever to accomplish the purpose of malice towards none and charity for all. And, along the line of history, which this Society is set to commemorate, if we did not recognize a Divine Providence shaping this as the future home of liberty to the oppressed of all nations, we should not be true, I think, to ourselves, to our traditions, or to the plain, unvarnished facts of history.

Religious liberty, gentlemen, is at the foundation of all national prosperity, and history demonstrates the ruling of a Divine Providence in procuring this for us. You are well aware of the facts in the early settlement of this continent, of the course of Spanish discovery in the South, and of the Jesuit missionaries Marquette, Joliet, and Jacques Cartier along the St. Lawrence River. But for us was reserved a tide of immigration far different from these, a leaven which, like the measure of meal in the Scripture parable, leavened the whole lump of American life. The Anglo-Saxon of the seventeenth century was not a lovable type of manhood in many respects: he was grim, he was bigoted, and he burned witches. Among those early emigrants was Sir Harry Vane, of whom Cromwell said in a petulant mood, "Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." But this same race of emigrants had a sturdy love of liberty, for which they had shed their blood in their own land, and, not finding there, came amid great hardships to maintain here. At that time, as if to help on the ends which Providence had in view, the English Bible was given to the world in its most popular form, and the English character had reached its high-water mark for strength and integrity. They built your first churches, they established your first colleges, they were the first of your missionaries to the Heathen, and the peaceful sounds of the ax, wherewith they cleared away the dense forests, were exchanged, on Sunday, for those solemn meetings wherein they maintained and

established the principles of religious liberty, and deepened, for all time, the solid strength of this nation!

Nor are we to stop here, gentlemen, but reverently to acknowledge the Divine Providence, which at the same time shaped the growth and protected the tender life of civil liberty in our land. For one thing it is marvelous to think how the period of the colonization of this land was Providentially timed. Had it been earlier, or later—all the result seemed to hang upon this: For one short period, the principles of civil liberty in England were laid down, and filled the minds of the people. There was, during that time, a temporary reaction against arbitrary power, against taxation without representation, and against the interference of the Crown with the rights of the people, and it was at that period that there came over to our shores a body of men full of determination to maintain that ideal. These, during his brief career in power, Cromwell encouraged and protected against the encroachments of Parliament. And when he died, and Charles II. ascended the throne, he made one brief attempt to subjugate our liberties, but was compelled to desist. This feeble germ of freedom, at the beginning of the Revolution, seemed at last fated. What could be more vain than for a nation like ours was then, with a population of only three millions, a large and tenantless country, and military resources of the poorest kind, to contend with a power which had successfully faced the world in arms, and whose empire encircled the globe, so that, to use Macaulay's words, wherever the sun rose, the martial airs of England sounded the reveille? There is no more gallant scene in history than that of the few men, ancestors to all of us, and in whose memory this society is formed, who swore to maintain the independence of this land with their lives, their wealth, and their sacred honor. And here it is, gentlemen, that we come upon one of those convincing facts which proves that God holds the destinies of nations in His hands, and that none have been more favored than ourselves. There was a time, you know,—the traditions of your families tell you,—that when all seemed helpless in that struggle with the mother country, when there was treason in our camps, starvation among our troops, and one bold advance of the enemy would have crushed our failing strength. At that period, by one of those strange phases of history which we call a Divine Providence, our

ancient foe, France, monarchical, every tradition of which was at variance to civil liberty, came to the rescue of this bleeding people and offered herself as a rampart against our foes. Nor did it stop here, but, more marvelous still, the councils of our very enemies were confounded at that time, and the British Parliament denounced the unrighteous attempt of the Ministry to subjugate this people, while Chatham with dying breath obtained for us a final peace and recognition of our liberties. It is of a piece with that same Divine Providence which in later days has brought us out of the gloom and horror of civil war, so that the rulers of Europe, who looked with dismay at the growth of democratic principles and would gladly have had a hand in our downfall, beheld us risen from the struggle, free from the one blot that lay upon our flag, stronger than ever in the principles of liberty and, to use the language of Scripture, "He crouched as a lion, and as a young lion ; who dare rouse him up ?"

We have dealt so far with the past, gentlemen ; look for one moment at the present. There is a Divine Providence in the land we occupy, a provision of Nature for the security and liberty of the millions who shall make it their home. The immense ocean which rolls between us and our nearest neighbors defends us from the easy aggression of foreign foes. On the North we have a dependent colony from which there is nothing to fear, and on the South, distracted communities, like Mexico, in perpetual discord and strife, awaken in us no apprehension. No other nation enjoys, on anything so grand a scale, the advantages of union, and you have only to cast your eyes over a map of this country to see the wonderful provision which God has made here for a peaceful and a prosperous people. What threatened at one time to be our bane—emigration from other lands—has become a source of strength. In the great cities of the American continent every nation has her citizens ; here, in New York, there are more Germans than in Hamburg, and more Jews than in Jerusalem. And yet this enormous foreign element, far from endangering the liberty and stability of the country, has made itself into an element of its abiding prosperity.

Truly, history contains no parallel to what we have been considering, and whether we consider the part of this people, or speculate upon the part this great Republic is to play in the future of

mankind, we have equally reason to applaud the sentiment to which I have been called upon this evening to respond.

One word, gentlemen, before I close. As I look around me I see the "Sons of the Revolution," the descendants of men who, with sword and musket, or in the Legislatures of these States, turned the world upside down. They were no drones, those forefathers of ours. They were no carpet heroes. There are names among us to-night whom our country will always hold dear, for eloquence in debate, for wisdom in council, for energy in action, and for heroism in battle. A word of warning to us, their descendants — no danger is greater to the American of to-day than the neglect of his political duties, of the service he owes his country. No temptation so common as to leave to others what we should do ourselves. If we are true "Sons of the Revolution," worthy descendants of those whose names we bear, it is not by such neglect that we shall do them honor, but by going forth among men, in a spirit of patriotic love to our country, and of faith in its Divine Protector, we shall build a worthy superstructure upon the foundation they so nobly laid.





THE DEFENSES OF THE HUDSON IN THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

♦

Response by Judge-Advocate ASA BIRD GARDINER, LL.D., Secretary General Society of the Cincinnati, to the Toast.

♦

Mr. President and Gentlemen: One of the principal objects for which our Society has been instituted is to perpetuate the memory of those patriots who in military, naval, or civil service, by their acts or counsel, achieved American Independence, and to *inspire* among the members of the Society and their descendants the patriotic spirit of their forefathers. Another object is to keep before the public mind the memory of the services of the patriots of the Revolution by the proper celebration of just such events as the formal evacuation of the State of New York by the British and the farewell of Washington to his officers, each of which we are met this evening to commemorate.

How well the Society has fulfilled the expectations of its founders is discoverable in the great increase in its membership, in the eagerness of applicants to establish their claims, and in the character of its supporters.

An inspection of our roll shows the names of many whose ancestors were prominent in the times that tried men's souls.

Your own grandfather, Mr. President, who was Major of the 2d Regiment Continental Light Dragoons, and a classmate, at Yale, of Nathan Hale, was the prototype for the character of Major Dunwodie in J. Fenimore Cooper's romance of the "Spy," because it was he, the gallant gentleman and patriot, to whom the dragoon outpost

duty in the neutral ground of Westchester County was principally intrusted during the war of the American Revolution. He was the hero of the capture of the garrison of Lloyd's Neck in 1779 and the assault and capture on Long Island of Fort St. George in 1780, which last named event evoked the declaration of Congress upon his great gallantry and distinguished merit and the favorable notice of Washington in General Orders.

Time will not permit reference to many other of the historic names upon our rolls, but I cannot forbear allusion to the namesake and grandson of John Cochrane, Surgeon-General of the Continental Army on Washington's Staff. This member is also great-grandson of Colonel James Livingston of the 1st Regiment Canadian Continental Infantry, who, from his camp, in the defense of the Hudson at Verplanck's Point, in September, 1780, observed the British sloop-of-war *Vulture* obtrusively high in Haverstraw Bay, and sending to West Point for powder for a field-piece, all unconscious of the events which hung upon that act, fired upon her from Teller's, now Croton Point, and compelled her to drop down the Hudson.

This act prevented Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army, from returning to New York by water at the conclusion of his interview with the traitor Arnold, and thus, by his subsequent capture, saved the defenses of the Hudson at West Point, then the most important post in America.

I perceive with us, Mr. President, the grandson and representative of that Marshal Ney of the Revolution, the hero of the gallant storming of Stony Point, who, while still suffering from the effects of a spent musket-ball which had struck him in the head in the assault, sat down inside the captured works at the late British commander's desk after receiving his sword, and on official paper, stamped with the arms of Great Britain, wrote a note to his beloved commander Washington, saying:

"STONY POINT, July 16, 1779, 2 o'clock A. M.

"DEAR GENERAL: The fort and garrison with Col. Johnston are ours.

"Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

"Yours most sincerely,

"ANTH. WAYNE."

Thirty-five years later, in 1814, the modest son of a patriot naval officer of the Revolution, immediately after his memorable victory

on Lake Erie, and after receiving the British flag-officer's sword, sat down at the latter's desk, and while the shouts of victory were ringing in his ears wrote to Major-General William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of the President-elect, on identical paper, and said:

“DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem,

“OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.”

Such are the men whose virtues we commemorate in this Society—Americans in America.

My toast, Mr. President, is too extensive a one for further personal notices of individual members, but I cannot help expressing pleasure at the presence among us, as a member, of General Dwight Morris, of Connecticut, the eldest son of Captain James Morris, 2d Regiment Connecticut Continental Infantry, a graduate of Yale, who was made prisoner of war at the battle of Germantown, endured a long and arduous captivity, and was exchanged in time to be assigned to Col. Alexander Scammel's regiment of Light Infantry, in which he and my own propositus served at Yorktown at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and later in the defenses of the Hudson at West Point.

The toast, sir, involves many pathetic stories and many incidents which give absorbing interest to the pages of history of those times.

Years ago, when I served as an officer in the 1st Regular Artillery, and undertook to see whether any of the Continental Line of the Revolution had survived to the present day in existing organizations, I found that the only one left was the Company of Artillery raised by the State of New York in February, 1776, of which Alexander Hamilton became the first captain. This Company was stationed in the Jersey Battery, on New York Island, one of the defenses of the Hudson, in August, 1776; and here Private Wm. Douglas lost his right arm in the cannonade which ensued when several British men-of-war sailed by.

The company afterwards served in the memorable retreat through the Jerseys, and in all the campaigns of the main Continental Army, including the Siege of Yorktown, and after March, 1777, became an integral part of the 2d Regiment Continental Corps of Artillery under Col. John Lamb.

The Peace of 1783 found it in garrison at West Point, and in the following year, by the disbandment of the remainder of the Continentals, it was left alone to represent the Army of the United States.

In the succeeding year, 1785, it was recruited, and marched from the defenses of the Hudson to Fort Pitt, Pittsburgh, from whence it proceeded to Marietta, Ohio, carrying with it the Army Charter for a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons—which is now the Charter of the oldest lodge in the State of Ohio.

Thence, as a pioneer of civilization, it went to the confluence of the Licking and Ohio Rivers, and built Fort Washington, near which the village of Losantiville sprang up, whose name was changed to Cincinnati by Governor St. Clair in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati. In St. Clair's defeat by the Miami Indians, the Company lost half its rank and file, together with its captain. It served through many battles in the War of 1812, in the Mexican War, and in the War of the Rebellion, and, surviving two incorporations, it eventually became Light Battery F, 4th United States Artillery, and the reveille and retreat roll-calls and drum and bugle notes can still be heard as in 1776 in the defenses of the Hudson, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, where that Light Battery is now stationed under the gallant Captain George B. Rodney. It is the living unit of organization which Alexander Hamilton commanded, and in which served as a lieutenant to the Peace of 1783 the great-grandfather of my friend Thompson, here present.

I have not time for details, but bring to your historical recollection the first work on Governor's Island, erected by Col. Prescott of Bunker Hill fame and his regiment of Massachusetts Continentals.

The capitulation of Fort Washington, at the upper end of this island of New York, lost to the Continental service nearly 2700 rank and file, most of whom died in the Sugar House in Liberty Street or in the Jersey prison-ship in Wallabout Bay.

Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on opposite sides of Poploopen's Kill, on the west bank of the Hudson facing Anthony's Nose, guarded for nearly two years the ascent of the Hudson, until Sir Henry Clinton, in his attempt to succor Burgoyne, took them both by assault in October, 1777, while Major-General Putnam remained

on the opposite side of the river with a force amply sufficient to prevent it if he had been possessed of military capacity.

The defense of those places brought out in glowing colors the patriotism of the two brothers James and George Clinton — each Brigadier-General in the Continental Army and the latter the great war Governor of New York.

General James received a bayonet wound in the thigh, but escaped in the darkness, as the assault was not made until late.

General George also escaped and rallied the militia and remaining regulars back of West Point and New Windsor.

Here a picket from Colonel Samuel B. Webb's regiment of Connecticut Continental Infantry stopped a man journeying northward, who asked to whose troops they belonged, and they replied General Clinton's. As luck would have it, the entire regiment was uniformed in red coats recently taken by a privateer out of an English store-ship, and the men had been so naked and destitute that there was no time to dye the uniforms, and they were issued as they were. This fact and the answer of the picket that they belonged to General Clinton's — viz., General George and not Sir Henry — troops, deceived the apparent countryman, and he made himself known, only to discover his fatal error. He was observed to swallow something, but a tartar emetic which Dr. Moses Higby administered at General George Clinton's headquarters at Mrs. Fall's brought up a silver bullet, which upon being unscrewed contained a note to Burgoyne announcing the capture of the forts. The note is at General Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh.

The spy Daniel Taylor was duly tried by general court-martial and executed, and Governor Clinton often used to say that he was convicted out of his own mouth.

The record of garrison duty in the defenses of the Hudson at Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and subsequently at West Point and Constitution Island opposite, are records of the severest privations endured with the most patriotic fortitude — privations which continued until our noble, generous ally, France, in 1781 saved the American Army from disruption and the cause from ruin by enormous and never-ceasing supplies of all kinds just when the wofully inefficient Articles of Confederation went into effect.

Major-General Baron Steuben, in one of his letters, has portrayed the sufferings at Valley Forge, where he saw a gentleman of former easy circumstances mounting guard in an old dressing-gown.

Once, with his consent, his aides invited their brother officers to dine with him, each to bring his own rations. The aides made it a condition precedent that no guest should come who had a whole pair of breeches. As all were in this condition in that camp, none were excluded. They clubbed their rations of tough beefsteaks and potatoes, with hickory nuts for dessert, and as they had no wine, and only spirits, they made salamanders and setting them on fire drank them off flame and all.

The Baron loved to speak of that dinner and the merry, ragged young fellows who honored him with their company. He termed them his *Sans culottes*, and thus first was applied to noble, patriotic gentlemen a term which subsequently acquired such terrible significance in France.

The condition of the 1st Regiment Rhode Island Continental Infantry in the following August, 1777, when in garrison at Fort Montgomery, is described by Brigadier-General James M. Varnum (whose namesake and representative is one of our own members) in an official report as follows. Said he: "The naked situation of the troops when observed parading for duty is sufficient to extort the tears of compassion from every human being. There are not two in five who have a shoe, stocking, or so much as breeches to render them decent." Yet this is the regiment which the Baron Cromot Du Bourg, aide-de-camp to Count de Rochambeau, recorded in his diary five years later as one of the most beautiful and perfect regiments he had ever seen.

The 2d Rhode Island, under Colonel Israel Angell, whose great-grandson and representative I see present, was in garrison at Peekskill, in the defenses of the Hudson, at that time, August, 1777, and no better off. General Varnum reported half unfit for duty and the regiment an object of derision whenever it paraded.

Yet these two heroic regiments a few days later marched for the Delaware, where they were put in garrison at Fort Mercer by General Washington, and on the 22d of October, in less than sixty days from the date of the inspection to which I have referred, defended it manfully against the whole British fleet and repulsed the land

assault of Count Donop and 1,200 Hessians, killing and wounding of the enemy over half as many as their own numbers, including the Hessian commander himself.

Well may we commemorate the heroism and fortitude of such men. All history may be searched for greater examples of patient endurance through long years of bloody war, and in a cause which appealed to the judgment of mankind and which, in the Providence of God, has raised up a right nation among the peoples of the earth.

General Washington's army was often for a week without meat, and then as long at a time without bread, and rarely ever supplied with salt. Sugar, coffee, tea, vegetables, were rarely issued. Luxuries were unknown. The officers were ruined in their fortunes and, with their men, discharged without pay; yet they never faltered, and it is *right* we should commemorate their virtues.

In the darkest days of all, in 1780, when suffering was the greatest, occurred the memorable treason of the commanding general of the defenses of the Hudson, and the execution, as a spy, of Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army.

The ancestors of some of us were present at that melancholy event, which policy made necessary.

The Americans sincerely regretted the necessity, and those who attended the execution were visibly affected. Only last month I noticed the decease in Tarrytown of an aged gentleman whose father had been a Continental soldier in the Massachusetts Line and detailed for guard duty at the gallows at Tappan. Upon his honorable discharge from service he settled in Tarrytown, but through a long life could never refer to Major André's fate without tears.

Your grandfather, Mr. President, remained almost constantly with the British Adjutant-General from the time he was brought to dragoon headquarters at the outposts in Westchester County until his decease.

The event, as one of historical importance, is known to you all; but possibly a few anecdotes connected with it may not prove uninteresting.

General Washington had been to Connecticut to meet Count de Rochambeau to concert combined operations, and on his return to the army, then in New Jersey, stopped overnight at Fishkill,

and the next morning with his staff proceeded on horseback to General Arnold's headquarters at the Beverly Robinson House, on the same side of the Hudson.

As he passed Constitution Island he concluded to inspect West Point opposite, but told his aides to ride on and breakfast with Mrs. Arnold and tell her not to wait for him.

This was the very day the British were expected to ascend the river and the treason to be consummated.

Washington had, however, returned from the eastward two days sooner than expected, and we can fancy the feelings of the traitor as he sat at the head of his breakfast table.

But when there came a knock at the door and Lieutenant Allen of the 2d Light Dragoons entered, wet and muddy from his night's ride, bringing Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson's note announcing the capture of the spy, and that the papers had been sent to Washington, Arnold saw he had not a moment to lose.

As remarked by Washington Irving, it was a terrible crisis, "yet in this awful moment he gave evidence of that quickness of mind which had won laurels for him in the path of duty."

With amazing self-control he excused himself, and first going upstairs to announce his flight to his wife, he passed through the kitchen, where Corporal Larvey of the 16th Massachusetts Continentals, coxswain of his barge, awaited his orders.

Directing him to follow instantly, Arnold detached a horse from the fence back of the house, and mounting, rode at a gallop down to the shore, the corporal running by his side.

Jumping into his barge he directed the crew—all Massachusetts soldiers—to row down stream, and as he passed Forts Montgomery and Clinton and Verplanck's Point, and approached the *Vulture*, he displayed a handkerchief as a flag of truce.

We can fancy the feelings and astonishment of the crew when they discovered that their honored commander of the defenses of the Hudson was a traitor.

At the 4th-of-July dinner in 1822 of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, in Boston, Surgeon James Thatcher, of the regiment to which Corporal Larvey had belonged, gave the toast, "We wear but one coat at a time," and then said that when Arnold came out of the cabin of the *Vulture* and approached his crew and informed them

that he had joined His Britannic Majesty's forces, and would make corporals of them all and do something more for Larvey, the latter indignantly replied, "No, sir; one coat is good enough for me at a time," and added, that he 'd "be damned if he fought on both sides."

Relative to the Capture of Major André, near Tarrytown.

In the De Lancey family there is a story that the seven young farmers who picketed the two roads to Tarrytown, upon one of which André was captured, had gone there to meet a party of cowboys who had come out of New York prepared to pay a large reward for a valuable blooded stallion (afterwards known as the Morgan horse), which belonged to Colonel James De Lancey of the Tory Dragoons and had been stolen from him while he was visiting his mother at Mamaroneck from his post at Morrisania.

Historians say that these young farmers were out to intercept cowboys, who it is alleged had been committing depredations, and were returning to New York with their plunder.

It is not probable that a detachment of cowboys would have gone further up into the neutral ground, as it would have brought them too close to the American Light Dragoon outposts.

Then, on the other hand, as these seven farmers divided, three going on one road and four on another, they would have been too few in numbers for any attack on such a detachment.

On what trivial circumstances sometimes depend great events.

John Paulding, one of André's captors, had been for a time in the militia and taken prisoner and confined in the Sugar House, from which he had escaped only four days before the Tarrytown affair. While there, a Hessian sentinel, taking pity on the almost naked condition of the young fellow, gave him an old green cast-off Jager-uniform coat.

Probably Paulding had no other when he met Major André, but it deceived the latter and made him declare he was a British officer. The Hessian soldier probably never knew the consequences of his charitable act.

In 1781 the main Continental and French Auxiliary Armies united in Westchester County for the defense of the Hudson and for operations against New York.

Time will not permit me to tell you many interesting stories connected with this combined operation, or the march to Yorktown, or return in 1782 to the Hudson, from whence the French Auxiliary Army proceeded to Providence, and thence to Boston to embark.

Soon afterwards the preliminaries of peace were signed, and in June, 1783, the Continental soldiers in the defenses of the Hudson and in camp near New Windsor, who had enlisted for the war, were given the opportunity to go home on furlough.

It was then that the old Continentals, in their ragged regimentals, paraded, many for the last time.

All the New York, Jersey, and Maryland line marched for home. Pennsylvania and Delaware were with Nathaniel Greene in South Carolina, and the Long Island regiment was in Northern New York in the defenses of the Hudson at Schuylerville. The men enlisted for the war in the Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut regiments marched to the wharf at New Windsor and were ferried across and proceeded to their homes.

Lieutenant-Colonel David Humphreys, aide-de-camp to Washington at Army headquarters, Newburgh, then wrote these lines:

Ye brave Columbian bands, a long farewell !
Well have ye fought for freedom, nobly done
Your martial task, the meed immortal won,
And time's last records shall your triumphs tell.

The remainder, consolidated into three Massachusetts regiments, one Connecticut regiment, and a New Hampshire battalion, took their way over the heights of Cornwall to West Point, and the last cantonment of the Continental Army was broken up.

In November they came down to New York for the evacuation, and then returned to the Point, and on January 1st all but one Massachusetts regiment and the Alexander Hamilton company of artillery were discharged.

On the 20th of June, 1784, the last of the Continental infantry turned in their muskets at West Point and marched by companies to the dock and were ferried over, and none remained in the defenses of the Hudson but the Alexander Hamilton company of artillery, under Captain and Brevet-Major John Doughty.

There was present at this disbandment the celebrated Molly Pitcher, whose husband had been a cannoneer in the Continental artillery and killed at Monmouth. Her services there have been portrayed in the bronze bas-relief on the monument at Monmouth, and in Thomas Dunn English's poem of the battle :

As we turned on flanks and center, in the path of death to enter,
 One of Knox's brass six-pounders lost its Irish cannoneer,
 And his wife, who, 'mid the slaughter, had been bearing pails of water
 For the gun and for the gunner, o'er his body shed no tear.
 "*Move the piece!*" — but they found her loading, firing that six-pounder,
 And she gayly, till we won, worked the gun.

Loud we cheered as Captain Molly waved the rammer; then a volley
 Pouring in upon the grenadiers, we sternly drove them back;
 Though like tigers fierce they fought us, to such zeal had Molly brought us,
 That though struck with heat and thirsting, yet of drink we felt no lack;
 There she stood amid the clamor, busily handling sponge and rammer,
 While we swept with wrath condign on their line.

For her services on that occasion General Washington and Major-General Henry Knox, Chief of Artillery, determined that she should always be cared for.

The truth of history makes it necessary to say that the rosy-cheeked, freckle-faced Irish girl of 1779 sadly deteriorated in the remaining four years of the war.

When none was left of the artillery but the Alexander Hamilton company, General Knox, who had become Secretary of War at the Capitol in New York city, directed the military store-keeper at West Point to find a suitable boarding-place for Molly at Highland Falls, just below West Point, and pay her board and provide her with all necessities.

In the following year, 1785, Captain George Fleming, the store-keeper at West Point, made requisition three separate times on the Secretary of War for shifts for Mrs. Molly, but the Confederated Constitution, adopted in 1781, had reduced the National Government to such a condition of poverty that General Knox had no funds wherewith to buy shifts for Molly or even pay his clerks or the Army of the United States, consisting of one small company of artillery, whose pay was many months in arrears.

He was eventually relieved of his embarrassment by a letter from Captain Fleming, in which the latter said that in overhauling the stores at West Point he had found some old tents worn sufficiently thin by rain and exposure to enable him to have them made up into shifts for Molly.

The contrast between the condition of our Government then and now is sufficiently striking, without comment.

My response to your toast, Mr. President, is now ended, but I may be pardoned if in closing I use the words of a patriotic lady, written in 1779:

God save our States !
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious,
No tyrants over us.
God save our States !

In 1783 Colonel David Humphreys:

Ye brave Columbian bands, a long farewell !
Well have ye fought for freedom, nobly done
Your martial task, the meed immortal won,
And time's last records shall your triumphs tell.

June, 1779:

God save the thirteen States,
Long rule the United States,
God save our States.
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious,
No tyrants over us.
God save our States !

Ye brave Columbian bands, a long farewell !
Well have ye fought for freedom, nobly done
Your martial task, the meed immortal won,
And time's last records shall your triumphs tell.



THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

BY FREDERICK G. GEDNEY.

A troop of dragoons hovered about the roadway in front of a house by the banks of the Hudson, whose broad piazza surveys the Tappan Zee, and whose calm surface of an evening late in July, 1779, reflects the sentinel stars above and the cabin-lights of a British sloop-of-war riding at anchor.

The more than usual interest shown by the officers who pass in and out of the house, and whose richer equipments proclaim them of high rank, gives proof to the rumor that events of moment are taking place in the Van Orden house. A number of generals had gathered in the dining-room of the inhospitable mansion of the farmer, whose mysterious flight to New York gave color to the rumor that his sympathies were with "the party from below." His servants hustled about the table, very hospitably however, staring with wonder at the officers who had honored the dwelling by their presence.

Some great movement indeed! But where and when? The eager and curious high-privates speculated out there in the dark, in the roadway. "I reckon," said a tall cavalryman, who came up from the South with Murfee's troops, "that we are going to cross into the Highlands and really fight Sir Henry; anything but this boy's-play. I want to fight and get through—go home; no glory, no nothing—not even a pipeful of tobacco." And he knocked the dried corn-silk ashes from his pipe on a fence rail.

"Perhaps," said a lank Yankee, who had been sitting on a log humming a hymn—"perhaps we're going to get our pay." "Nonsense," said a chorus of laughing voices. "Congress can't pay anybody or anything."

"Keep quiet," said the Sergeant. "Do you want a volley from that sloop? I wonder what keeps them so long in the house."

Sir Henry Clinton had captured Stony Point and Verplanck's Point on the 21st day of May, 1779, had heavily garrisoned the former post, and strengthened it with cannon. All communication between New England and the other colonies was at West Point or above, and to recapture the Kings Ferry was the object of the gathering in the farm-house.

"There is one general who will take Stony Point, if he attempts it, or die in the effort," said Washington, looking up from the table to the officers who surrounded it. "Anthony Wayne," said a dozen voices at once. Washington nodded his head in acquiescence. "Tell Wayne to meet me at Sandy Beach at 4 to-morrow," said Washington to Lafayette as the council broke up.

They met. Wayne was ready. "I will storm HELL, General, if you will only plan it." "Had we better not try Stony Point first?" replied Washington. This was the plan agreed upon: to make a night march, the men with their muskets unloaded to cross the marsh at the foot of Stony Point at low tide, a party of pioneers were to go ahead to clear away the abatis, the soldiers to wear white cockades, to carry the fort by assault at the point of the bayonet, and cry, "The fort is ours."

At 12 o'clock noon on the 15th day of July, 1779, the march to Stony Point began. Wayne commanded the right, Colonel Butler the left. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, Colonels Febinger and Meigs, were with their regiments. There was a battalion of Massachusetts troops under Major Hull, and Major Murfee had two companies of North Carolinians. They reached the Springsteel house, a mile and a half from Stony Point, and halted for supper.

Noiselessly they fall upon the ground, and in silence they eat their bread and cold meat; no coffee, for there is but little in the command, and the smoke of a camp-fire might betray them to the enemy. They rest and converse in undertones until half-past eleven.

Wayne moves noiselessly along and communicates this order :

“The first man in the fort will receive five hundred dollars and immediate promotion ; the next man, four hundred ; the third, three hundred ; the fourth, two hundred ; and the fifth, one hundred dollars. If there are any cowards here, drop out now ; there is no place for them on that hill.” Then each soldier pinned a white piece of paper to his hat to distinguish friend from foe in the darkness. The general leans against a tree ; thoughts of loved ones in faraway Pennsylvania cross his mind, then he writes a hurried letter to a friend in Philadelphia to take care of his children should he fall in the attack. Now he places himself at the head of the column. Just as the marsh is reached, the form of a picket stands in bold relief against the sky, and two men glide silently forward ; a struggle, and then a bound and gagged prisoner goes to the rear. Splash ! in goes the front rank in the water. Bang ! goes the sentry’s gun from the first line of redoubt ; then a rattle of drums in the guard-house overhead, and up from bunk, bed, and couch spring the garrison,—and now the fight for Stony Point begins. The marsh is crossed, the cannon balls whiz through the darkness, the pioneers cut an opening through the timbers, and through that rough gateway pours the patriot tide.

Another redoubt, and here a leaden hail of musketry from the garrison ; down goes the gallant leader, with a crimson stain on his heroic face. “Forward !” he exclaims. “Don’t stop ! On ! on ! carry me into the fort, boys ; I will die at the head of my column.”

Over rock and fallen trees, led by Fleury and Febinger, rush the Americans. On ! on ! over breastworks, bearing with them the fallen but victorious chieftain ; cannon and musketry blaze in their faces—volley after volley from hardly a musket’s length away. Nothing to face the fearful storm but cold steel and lofty courage !

Now Fleury leaps into the fort just as Butler’s left comes pouring in.

Long before the morning star rose o’er the Hudson, snuffing out the light in the cabin of the British sloop, there was an oarsman bending his back, shooting his boat across the Hudson “with muffled oar, without a light, as still as Death.” His boat fairly

jumped beneath the sturdy strokes. No sted to meet him on the opposite shore. As he reached this side the river, he scrambled up the narrow path into the road, and towards headquarters he ran like a deer. Sewed fast in the lining of his coat was this letter :

STONY POINT, July 15th, 1779. 2 A. M.

GENERAL WASHINGTON: The Fort and Garrison and Colonel Johnson are Ours. Our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely,

ANTHONY WAYNE.

Wayne, Fleury, Butler, Febinger, and Meigs — honors came thick and fast upon them ; they were the heroes of the hour. Resolutions in Congress and in State Legislatures were passed ; medals and inscriptions and swords were given them ; but their memory will live forever in the hearts of the grateful people ; their heroic bravery at Stony Point a monument that shall abide with the patriotic sons of America until time shall be no more.

Emblem and legend shall fade from the portal,
Keystone and column may crumble and fall ;
They were the builders whose work was immortal,
Crowned by the Dome that is over us all.





EVACUATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

◊

Response to above Toast by GENERAL JOSEPH C. JACKSON.

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Evacuation Day, as it exists in the popular mind, illustrates the familiar law of cherishing only the more agreeable and brilliant incidents and features of life, whereas the less agreeable and less conspicuous are partially or entirely forgotten. Is not this law universal as to the ordinary experiences of childhood? And what soldier is there who does not retain a more vivid recollection of the relieving pastimes of camp life and those engagements which were pregnant with victory?

Popularly considered, Evacuation Day, as is true to a certain extent of the Fourth of July, is treated with less consideration than is due, though the reasons therefor are different. The peculiar and somewhat excessive demonstrations of the one are in striking contrast with the omission of all formal observance of the other. Viewed properly, however, Evacuation Day—the officially appointed day for the departure from American shores of the hostile forces of a monarchical government—marks a significant crisis in the history of this nation. Were it designated as “Deliverance Day,” or “Triumph Day,” or the “Birthday of the Nation,” our associations and emotions awakened by it would be of the most exalted character. To realize its significance we should first glance at the condition of affairs *preceding* it, then consider some of its *incidents* and *consequences*.

For the first time in the world’s history had there been such a

peculiar conflict between a colony—the offspring of the mother-country—with the mother-country itself. The North American colonies, those which afterwards comprised the thirteen original States, after various vicissitudes became substantially English—a *New Britain*, or *New England*, with other associated elements; a young colony, bound to the mother-country by the prevailing ties of blood, of language, of civilization, and, to some extent, especially in the cities, by the doctrine of “Church and State,” which largely affected local affairs.

Unpleasant feelings, however, were created and fostered between the mother-country and these colonies, which took the form of petty hostile acts on the part of the former, by which the colonies were, here and there, deprived of valued personal and property rights. But the radical cause of complaint was *taxation without representation in the parent Government*. It is not improbable that all lesser annoyances would have been endured, even patiently, had the people been allowed proper representation in the Parliament of Great Britain. Anything short of that seemed to the intelligent and spirited colonists as robbery of their personal and civic independence; to this they would not submit.

The *Mayflower* Puritans distinctly agreed, even while on ship-board, that each man should have equal power in the government of the colony. *Taxation without representation* caused the Revolutionary War. Is it not then amazing that, in this year of grace 1888, our people peacefully tolerate a party administration which owes its very existence to a partial and unjust representation of the lawful citizens?

Dating the Revolutionary struggle from the battle of Lexington, it was an eight years' war. The battles of Bunker Hill, of Charlestown Harbor, and Washington's tactics on Dorchester Heights had convinced the British foe that Boston was a difficult, and at the same time a less important, point to hold; and the spirit of the New Englanders being so thoroughly independent, and Boston itself being of less value and service to the parental Government than the larger and wealthier port of New York, General Howe determined to evacuate Boston and sail for Halifax; and shortly afterwards he proceeded to Long Island, resolved to make it the base of an attack on, and the occupation of, the Island of Manhattan.

In September, 1776, the army which General Washington had concentrated on this island was obliged to retreat before the superior forces of Lord Howe, which disembarked at Kip's Bay, and swept down upon our little city—then numbering only about twenty thousand inhabitants.

How rapid—as is usual in war, particularly in civil war—were the changes of sentiment within this little city! At one time the Sons of Liberty were tearing down the statues of monarchs, roughly handling Loyalists,—whether public officers of Church or State, or private citizens,—invading temples of religion, particularly where Anglo-American services were held, driving into exile the more conspicuous Royalists, and making it supremely uncomfortable, in every way, for those Tories who remained. But when Howe, at the head of the British troops, took possession, what a change! Loyalists, whether clergy or laity, returned from their hiding-places to the city; and resident Tories of both sexes, and of all ages, soon displayed their colors. Even the statue of the eloquent Earl of Chatham was defaced. The sharp conflict of passions was vividly shown in Governor Tryon's plot, on the one hand, for the assassination of General Washington, and, on the other hand, by the successful stroke of the Sons of Liberty, just before their departure, in burning one thousand of the four thousand houses comprising the town. It can safely be left to the imagination to depict the heart-burnings, strifes, contentions,—commercial, financial, political, military, factious, and personal,—experienced and witnessed during the seven years' occupation of New York by the British, intensified as they were by the alternating hopes and fears of Royalists and rebels inspired by the startling vicissitudes of war.

During the long, dark days of the Revolution, the horrors of the local prison-ships, the intense sufferings of the troops at Valley Forge and Morristown, the hesitating counsels of the Continental Congress, and discontent and partial mutiny among the troops, brought depression alike to patriot citizen and soldier; while the success of our arms, whether at Trenton, at Stony Point, at Cowpens, at Saratoga, or at Yorktown, accompanied by the reports of conflicting opinions boldly expressed in the British House of Commons as to the justice of the Colonial War, were fresh causes for hope and determination.

But Evacuation Day was drawing near. Early in the Spring of 1783 it was foreshadowed, by a letter from Lafayette, that articles of peace were to be signed. In March, confirmatory news arrived; and on April 8th peace between the contending parties was officially declared. Immediately thousands of Loyalists prepared to flee from this city, dreading the indignation and vengeance of their countrymen whom they had so long wronged. No less than five thousand Tories sailed from this port on April 25th. It was alike the duty and interest of Great Britain to plant such fugitives as colonists, somewhere, that they might still cherish allegiance to the British crown. While many of the wealthiest returned to England, others found a home in Abaco, one of the Bahamas; but a much larger number settled in Nova Scotia and the maritime provinces.

The departure, however, of the British troops, and their allies, the Tories, was necessarily slow; and despite the honest energy of General Guy Carleton, some four months were consumed in adjusting the affairs of Loyalists, patriots, and slaves—touching persons and property—even after the final order to evacuate had been promulgated. The Tories destroyed much of what they could not take away, burned and demolished houses and furniture, and, in many instances, officers of the crown demanded money in the form of rents before restoring private property to its long-absent owners. In short, everything possible was done by the Tories to make things uncomfortable for the patriots; but, to the credit of their commander, General Carleton, the British troops conducted themselves with comparative moderation. It was actually necessary to keep the city under military control until it was delivered up; and an understanding was had between the respective commanders-in-chief of the British and American forces, that the moment the former abandoned their positions in the city the American Army, under its commander, should take possession. Indiscriminate plunder and crime were thus suppressed. Indeed, the lines of march were so distinctly defined and rigidly maintained that, as points were uncovered by the retiring British troops, the Americans advanced and occupied them; and this was so all the way from Harlem to the Battery.

What a suggestive spectacle—the proud troops of the grandest old monarchy in the world now quietly withdrawing from this continent, silently embarking in their boats and hastening down our

bay, defeated, disappointed, making the way clear for the brilliant manœuvres of another, a victorious army—that of a nascent nation—already flushed with such high hopes and expectations as genuine republicanism is universally calculated to inspire.

No wonder that some disheartened and mortified Briton showed his desperation and disgust by nailing to the top of the flagstaff at Fort George the British colors; and so greased the pole itself, that it was a difficult task for the Yankees to reach the top and tear the detested ensign down! No wonder that there stood forth among the Sons of Liberty young men, eager and skillful enough to climb to the top of the flagstaff and tear therefrom the Cross of St. George, and cause the Stars and Stripes to be raised aloft challenging world-wide recognition as it waved its increasing glories in full view of a mighty yet vanquished foe! Sergeant Van Arsdale and Lieutenant Anthony Glean, who together spoiled the petty, British scheme of keeping the English colors flying, were but two men out of the thousands of patriots who thronged the spot, ready for *any* act of daring or devotion. No wonder that the red-coats were reluctant to leave this favored spot, and did not haul down their flag on Governor's Island until December 3d, nor that not until full ten days after the formal evacuation of the city did the defeated squadrons of Imperial England weigh anchor and quit forever the shores of this free land, never before so beautiful in their eyes!

Our compatriots of that day appreciated the vast significance of this event. At a dinner given by Governor Clinton, when the great transaction was over, every one of the thirteen toasts drank demonstrated what thoughts were uppermost in the patriots' breasts. Never before had the toast to "The United States of America" been the first on the long list; certainly never before had it preceded that which, conventionally, was always dominant, namely: "His most Christian Majesty the King of England."

This city owes it to itself—to its history and its future—to cherish everything pertaining to Evacuation Day. True, the Island of New York had been the scene of no decisive battle of the many conflicts of arms, but it was the pivot of all martial movements—the center of the life of the colonial cause during the entire Revolutionary struggle. It shared the worst of the fight, either bravely doing or as patiently enduring, till the day when the American

Commander-in-Chief retook possession of the city—never again to be surrendered to a foreign power. *Here* the British army admitted its defeat and practically surrendered; *here* the patriotic army was finally crowned with the laurels of victory; *here* George Washington bade farewell to his noblest brethren-in-the-field; *here*, too, as was most meet and proper, he was inaugurated, nearly a century ago, the first President of this fortunate Republic, which, under God, shall be as enduring as the sun, as genuine as justice, as immortal as truth, and prove itself the unrivaled model for the wisest civil government of mankind.





FORT STANWIX AND BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

♦

An Address by J. C. PUMPELLY.

♦

Mr. President and Members of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution:— Just so surely as there is a power in this world that makes towards righteousness, so there is a power that makes towards patriotism, and we find in this Society, young as it is, such an influence going out among our people—a historical spirit whose inspiration is fed by such events as we commemorate to-night, and whose impulses are wise, conservative, and uplifting.

There have always been districts of the earth where nations and armies have had their decisive battles. Belgium, from Julius Cæsar until now, has been the battlefield of Europe. There in 1815 the fate of that country was determined—whether it was to be French or National. So we may say that the State of New York, the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson, constituted the fighting ground of the American Revolution. In Colonial days Charles II. was assured of no foothold on this continent until he had become master of that region; and when we recall that the ancestors of those who fought at Oriskany passed in 1683 the “Charter of Liberties,” we know of what heroic stuff his colonists were made, and how fearlessly they defended their rights.

English statesmen saw also that more than all the South, Philadelphia, and the Island of New York, that *this region* was the very eye of the campaign of 1777. So it came about that a well-devised plan was formed in England for the grasping of this key to the continent.

Clinton, the Commander-in-Chief, was to start from New York and follow up the Hudson; General Burgoyne with his 7,000 men was to approach from the north by the way of Lake Champlain; while Col. Barry St. Leger with his 1700 Tories and Indians was to come from Oswego on down the Mohawk Valley, joining the leaders of the other two expeditions at Albany when their work was completed. All these expeditions were well appointed, the officers able, and the armies thoroughly equipped. Sir William Johnson had sagaciously provided for the sustaining of the British power in the Mohawk country, and his mantle had fallen upon his equally able but more unscrupulous son.

By these men, aided by Brant, the famous chief, the whole Indian Confederacy, except the Oneidas, had been allied to the British cause, and this alone was a serious menace to the patriot cause. Yet, in the Providence of God, who is not necessarily on the side of the heaviest battalions, none of these expeditions, as history tells us, ever reached its destination.

In this year of 1777, so full of gloom for our cause, if Burgoyne was successful New England was in danger of being cut off from all communication with the other colonies; and as in that day when Lexington fired the "gun that was heard round the world," every county was awake to the importance of a most vigorous resistance.

Fortunately there was no division in the East, and the army of General Schuyler was promptly recruited from Massachusetts and Connecticut.

It was this able commander who "made the lock and fitted the key" which the self-lauded Gates had but to turn and the defeat of Cornwallis was assured. It was Schuyler also whose characteristic forethought secured important defenses in the Mohawk Valley—one of which was located at a point between Wood Creek and the Mohawk, and was named Fort Stanwix. Right in the pathway of St. Leger was this fort, and he must perforce take it or fail in his expedition.

That he did so fail, with all the advantages he possessed, is to me another striking proof that the cause of the colonists was under the protection of that all-wise Ruler whose arm is ever bared for the defense of His people.

St. Leger had a force of 1,700 troops,—the flower of Burgoyne's

army. Tryon County was full of Tories, every family almost having in it the partisans of the king; and Sir John Johnson and the murderous thug Zebulon Butler had formed them into military organizations. The Mohawk Indians, the most sanguinary of all the Iroquois, led by Brant, coöperated with the British. As if to abet English cruelty by the incentive of cupidity, St. Leger offered £20 (English pounds) for every American scalp. Not only soldiers were mutilated, but young boys and girls were waylaid and murdered in order to receive this infamous guerdon.

The Oneidas were faithful to the American cause. They even offered to break the ancient league and add their forces to those of the colonists; but considerations of policy led to a waiving of this proposition, which, if accepted, would have prevented St. Leger from reaching Fort Stanwix prior to the capture of Burgoyne. As it was, the Oneidas kept the garrison at Fort Stanwix and the Committee of Safety at German Flats carefully informed of the counsels of the Six Nations and the movements of the British troops.

Now, at this date, August, 1777, Colonel Peter Gansevoort, a brave officer twenty-eight years of age, was in command at Fort Stanwix, and was soon after joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Marinus Willett, an experienced soldier, thoroughly versed in border warfare; with his regiment the garrison now amounted to 550 men.

The emergency required all the skill, energy, and courage of both officers. In a letter to General Schuyler, dated July 4th, Colonel Gansevoort writes: "Owing to the increasing number of hostile Indians, 150 men would be needed to obstruct Wood Creek, an equal number to guard the men at work felling and hauling timber. Beef is spoiled, bullets do not suit the firelocks, a ton of powder is needed. We will, notwithstanding every difficulty, exert ourselves to the utmost of our power, and if your Excellency will order a speedy reënforcement and needed supplies to enable us to hold out a siege, *we will* be able to give a good account of any force that will probably come against us."

On the 2d of August, the day of the investment of the fort by St. Leger's forces, Lieutenant-Colonel Mellon, of Colonel Weston's regiment, arrived with 200 men and two bateaux of provisions and military stores. They reached the fort just as the enemy appeared on the skirts of the forest; so near were they that the captain who

commanded the boats was made prisoner. The command now consisted of 750 men all told; six weeks' provisions, and a fair supply of ammunition; but the garrison was without a flag. 'T was then and there, by these unskillful but heroic hands, that the standard which was to be the first to be lifted unsurfing the Stars and Stripes in victorious battle was made in the garrison out of odds and ends of clothing. Pieces of white were taken from shirts, the blue was from a camlet cloak of Captain Swartout's, and the stripes from a woman's scarlet mantle.

On the 3d of August a flag was sent into the fort from the enemy with messages full of vaunting threats and lavish promises, all of which produced no effect upon the brave and intrepid commander. Hostilities commenced on August 4th, the Indians concealing themselves behind trees and by their fire greatly annoying the men employed upon the parapets.

It was at this time St. Leger in vain overconfidence sent his message to Burgoyne that the fort would be his directly, and that they would speedily meet as victors in Albany.

St. Leger's appearance in the valley had roused the yeomanry to a sudden and full comprehension of the peril of their situation, and they forthwith gave the command of the militia to Nicholas Herkimer, who had served in the French war and been made a brigadier-general the year before. He was a brave soldier and a Christian man, who had used his best efforts to dissuade the Indians from taking part in the conflict and had sent to Unadilla a mission to this end, which the Indian chief Brant had taken pains to oppose and thwart.

In reply to a proclamation issued by him for a force to go to the relief of Fort Stanwix and its brave defenders, every patriot heart was stirred, and though some of his own family refused to join him, and even went over to the side of the enemy, he succeeded in assembling together at Fort Dayton, now Herkimer village, on the 4th of August, 1777, about 800 fighting men. Each farmer seized his trusty musket and, leaving his plow in the furrow, hurried to the rendezvous. The need was urgent and the time for preparation so brief that the Scotch-Irish of Cherry Valley, always foremost, nearly lost the opportunity of taking their share in the expedition of succor.

The principal rallying point was German Flats, and here gathered Colonels Klock, Visscher, Cox, Bellinger, with whatever number of

their regiments, as well as volunteers, could be collected; there also came the Committee of Safety of Tryon County.

Through information given by Molly, the sister of Joseph Brant and wife of Johnson, St. Leger was made acquainted with this projected movement of the patriots, who were by this time hurrying forward without order or protection against flanking parties.

Thomas Spencer and others of the friendly Oneidas who were with General Herkimer besought him to send out scouts and move cautiously, and he promised to do so; but when, on the 5th of August, at Whitestone, he urged this course he was opposed by Colonels Cox, Paris, and others, who advised more haste, and was even taunted with cowardice. Great as he knew the danger must be, and feeling as he did that he was as it were the father of his company, he reluctantly gave the order for an immediate advance, for this taunt was too much for his fiery spirit.

By the orders of St. Leger, who knew he must at all hazards prevent any defeat at this juncture, scouts had been placed all along the trail, and Joseph Brant, with a force of picked men, had taken a position in ambush about the semicircular ravine by the Oriskany Creek.

The message for assistance sent Colonel Gansevoort at the fort eight miles away had not been replied to. The morning was hot and sultry when, at 10 o'clock, the force of devoted men entered the fatal ravine. Suddenly the forest rang with the crack of rifles and the war-whoop of the savage, and the guards both front and rear were shot down by a volley which seemed to come out from every tree of the forest. The fierce Mohawks sprang from their coverts tomahawk in hand, the rear-guard led by Colonel Fischer was cut off entirely, most of the force being taken prisoners and many of them killed on the spot. By the fatal circle formed by the enemy, the baggage and ammunition wagons were also cut off and separated from the main body. General Herkimer fell wounded in the early part of the action, a ball having killed his horse and shattered his leg just below the knee. When it was suggested he should be removed from the field he refused, saying, "I shall face the enemy," and his saddle being placed at the foot of a tree he sat upon it, coolly smoking his pipe while he gave his orders with telling effect. His men standing each one alone behind a tree would

fire his piece, and, then, before he could reload, the watchful savage would immediately rush upon him with the tomahawk. Noting this manœuvre, the wary general immediately ordered them to fight in couples, so that when the enemy would hurry to murder the one who had just fired he would be shot down by the other.

This made the fray more terrible for the foe, though the loss of the patriots was severe enough. Colonel Cox, who had that morning accused General Herkimer of cowardice, and Captains Davis and Van Sluyck were killed, and the whole patriot force was terribly broken up.

On the enemy's side the Indians had become disheartened by the loss of so many of their warriors, and the "Johnson Greens," a body of men from the Dutch and German settlements, were ordered to their help. The conflict now became fiercer than ever, as the men on each side recognized one another as neighbors, kindred, and even brothers. The closer the relationship the more deadly the encounter. There were no British soldiers, Hessians, or professional fighters there, but New York men, children of the soil almost exclusively. There were no lines, no fort, no artillery, but men fighting hand-to-hand with knife, musket, spear, hatchet, foot-to-foot, swaying and struggling over the bodies of the dead and slipping in their blood. The vale of Oriskany became the scene of the maddening slaughter; neighbors slew their neighbors, and brothers clasped brothers in deadly embrace. Never, even at Thermopylae, did men stand a charge with more dauntless courage—a courage born of that grand spiritual force which had made liberty to their ancestors as dear as life itself. Three men charged upon Captain Gardenier, so history tells us, who transfixèd them one by one with his pike.

Captain Dillenback also being attacked by a party beat one to the ground, shot another, and bayoneted a third before he fell himself.

For six long hours, under a burning sun, without even water to refresh themselves, this battle waged without cessation, except when a severe thunder-storm came down with such fury that the combatants were compelled to seek shelter.

At length firing was heard in the distance from the fort,—the answer to the long-delayed message of Herkimer,—and the sound

was as welcome to the patriots as it was astounding to the enemy. Soon Colonel Willett, with his force, appeared on the field of battle. The Indians, taking fright, raised the cry of "Oonah" (retreat) and fled precipitately; so also did the Tories and the "Greens," amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the militia of Tryon County, who were left masters of the field. Colonel Willett captured twenty-one wagon-loads of baggage, clothing, and provisions, and five British flags, which he bore back in triumph underneath the folds of *the Stars and Stripes*,—*the flag those heroes had made with their own hands.*

A descendant of one of those who fought at Saratoga said to the writer: "It was fitting that this battle should be the occasion for the first raising of the American standard in victory. If the Declaration of Independence was the inception of a new nation, the bloody ravine of Oriskany was the place of its birth."

Colonel Paris was captured by the Indians and afterwards cruelly murdered, as were other prisoners, after they reached Colonel Butler's quarters. Major John Frey, of Colonel Klock's regiment, was wounded and taken prisoner; his own brother, who was in the British service, attempted to take his life.

Almost every member of the Committee of Safety, and, in fact, every prominent man in the Mohawk Valley, was killed. Death was in every house. After the battle, Dr. Petrie, one of the survivors of the Committee of Safety, though himself severely wounded, dressed General Herkimer's leg and saw him sent on a litter to his home. It was there in that old house, which is still standing, as I am told by one whose ancestor was in Colonel Willett's regiment, that this brave Christian soldier died, with the open Bible in his hand. He died not from the wound being fatal, but from unskillful amputation.

The number of the Provincial militia in killed was 200, exclusive of wounded and prisoners, and the loss of the enemy was equally severe if not greater, especially among the Indians. Neither at Waterloo nor Austerlitz was the slaughter greater in proportion.

Lafayette once declared that there were only skirmishes, no battles, in the American Revolution. As compared with the battles in Europe this is true; but with the meager population of our country in 1777 these "skirmishes" had a significance equal to the actions

at Lodi, Austerlitz, Leipsic, and Waterloo. Colonel Willett's sally from the fort with 200 men and 50 more to guard the light iron three-pound cannon was every way successful, and the charge was made with such celerity that Sir John Johnson, who was in his tent divested of his coat, had no time to even put it on before his camp was attacked and his force routed, as were also the Indians; and all Sir John Johnson's baggage, papers, order-books, etc., were captured. For this exploit Congress presented Colonel Willett with a vote of thanks and an elegant sword.

So also, in appreciation of the great services rendered by General Herkimer, Congress requested the Governor and Council of New York to erect a monument to his memory, but this was not done; but the State, however, did honor to itself by giving his name to one of the counties formed out of the division of Tryon County.

After the battle Colonel Samuel Campbell, then senior officer, reorganized the shattered patriot force and led them in good order back to Fort Dayton.

For sixteen days St. Leger lay before Fort Stanwix, which, in spite of peremptory demands and many lies, Colonel Gansevoort refused to surrender.

Colonel Willett, at tremendous risks, made a rapid march to Albany to obtain relief, which through Philip Schuyler's effort was granted, Benedict Arnold promptly offering his services, and on August 20th, with 200 volunteers, the latter reached Fort Dayton, and issued, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States of America in the Mohawk Valley, a proclamation denouncing St. Leger as a "leader of banditti, robbers, and murderers."

When on the 24th, with an added force of militia, he arrived at Fort Stanwix, St. Leger had raised the siege, and in great fear of his Indian allies, who had already commenced to rob his camp, he fled, leaving his tents, artillery, and stores spoils to the garrison. His men threw away their packs in their flight, and St. Leger's rout was complete.

And so this key to the heart of the original union, this the very eye of the campaign of 1777, was held secure for the patriot cause.

And in a moral sense how great was the victory when we remember that the threatened and almost expected Tory uprising for the king never occurred, and instead disaffected yeomanry came out as

brave patriots, and gave such a check to St. Leger as forced Burgoyne to take the risk which brought on him the defeat at Bennington and finally his surrender at Saratoga. This once famous general found himself in a sorry dilemma. He had been sent to America by a new ministry, whose existence was largely staked upon his success. Generals Howe and Carleton had been superseded, great hopes had been entertained of his success, and to a remarkable degree his progress from Canada to Saratoga had been triumphal. But now he had been effectually circumvented by General Schuyler. Western New York was lost, his troops had been driven from New England, and his only chance was to effect a union with Sir Henry Clinton at Albany.

We all know the result. The leaders in New England were jealous of General Schuyler, and a faction in Congress often operated prejudicially to the American cause.

General Gates, a rival of the Commander-in-Chief, was sent to supersede the brave New Yorker, who nevertheless remained and gave what assistance he might to his successor.

Sir Henry Clinton had made his way up the Hudson, burning towns on his route, when he learned of the capitulation at Saratoga. An army was lost, and the fact became patent that now only artifice and diplomacy could be successful. Pride on the part of the British king alone prolonged the contest, but the convention at Saratoga had assured the event.

The battle of Oriskany had turned the scale. While the battle of Bennington was won by Yankees, that of Oriskany by Dutch and German yeomanry, the militia at Saratoga came from both of these alike. "One of my grandfathers carried his musket there from Worcester County, Massachusetts," I heard one of Jersey's patriots say; and almost every family in New England can tell a like story.

Now one thing seems plain to us all: a greater meed of honor is due than has yet been given to the heroes of German Flats. Reason is, they have always been a clannish people, often speaking a different language and disdaining English literature. The population in that region has been in too great a degree left out of our American histories. It should be our pride as Sons of the Revolution to see that this fault, if it exists, is corrected.

Oriskany was well named in the Indian tongue the "place of nettles." Surely out of these nettles of danger brave Nicholas Herkimer plucked the Rose of Safety, for not only the Mohawk Valley, but the whole nation. In these days of foreign innovations and indifferentism, when party spirit strains fierce and hard upon the conscience and free-will of the citizen, let us, the sons of Revolutionary sires, stand firm in the faith of those brave Scotch, Dutch, and Huguenot fathers, and maintain to the uttermost and ever unimpaired the matchless institutions which they have handed down to us.





WASHINGTON'S MARCH FROM TRENTON TO MORRIS-
TOWN IN 1777.

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BY ANDREW D. MELLICK, Jr.

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Some Facts and Incidents hitherto Unpublished.

Read before the Sons of the Revolution, Monday, Dec. 3, 1888, by
William O. McDowell.

With the turn of the year 1776-77 important events rapidly succeeded each other. Naturally one would say that the history of this time will make trite reading; nevertheless, I shall hope in these pages to present some incidents and occurrences that have escaped the attention and knowledge of the ordinary Revolutionary student. It is not the purpose of this paper to tell over again the well-known stories of Assanpink and Princeton, but rather to dwell on the many minor scenes and events connected with the march of the Continental Army from the 2d to the 6th of January, 1777, to relate many details of interest that historians generally have been forced to pass by in order to dilate on the noted engagements that at that time entirely changed the current of American history. While the foundation and continuity of my narration cannot be preserved without mentioning the actions of the 2d and 3d of January, yet whatever of interest and value this paper may possess will be due to the lesser historical gleanings it contains, which may be said to be the result of an intimate knowledge of the locality in which the scenes are depicted, and a lifelong acquaintance with its people.

The Christmas holidays of the year 1776, which will ever be

remembered as one of the great epochs in American history, completely changed the aspect of the Revolutionary contest. Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis, astounded at the news of the capture of Rahl's command at Trenton, were at once alive to their error in thinking that American independence was a matter of the past. Cornwallis, abandoning his proposed home voyage, hastily marched his troops towards the Delaware, being joined on the way by Count Donop's force from Bordentown. The British column, five thousand strong, reached Trenton late on the afternoon of the 2d of January. Washington was already there with nearly an equal number of men, although his army was largely composed of undisciplined, ununiformed militia. Intent on re-occupying, if not re-capturing, New Jersey, he had on the 30th of December again crossed the Delaware. The British advanced in two columns to the north side of Assanpink Creek, but from the opposite shore the Americans' dogs of war barked from their iron throats a dubious welcome. The enemy's attempt to force a passage of the stream was defeated by the effective manner in which General Knox handled his artillery, which was advantageously planted on the high southern bank of the creek. Owing to the lateness of the hour, Cornwallis retired to the rear of the town, on the Princeton road, deciding to await daylight before renewing the attack, and when, as he boasted, "he would catch that old fox, Washington." The British general's confidence in what the morrow would bring forth proved to be misplaced. From time immemorial a fox has been the most uncertain of all game, and Lord Cornwallis had quite neglected to remember that it was not uncommon for that wary animal, when just about trapped, to quietly steal away.

Frederick the Great, on being told that a distinguished general had never made a mistake, replied, "Then he must have fought very few campaigns." If Washington could ever be charged with a lack of military judgment it was when he placed his army in the position it occupied on this night of the 2d of January. Realizing his dangerous situation he was full of anxiety. Should an engagement follow the dawn, defeat would mean the destruction or capture of the entire Continental force, the troops being so disposed as to render a retreat impracticable. An engagement was certainly to be expected, the chances of success lying almost wholly with the enemy, as

opposed to the raw levies of the Americans was the flower of the British army. Washington's decision was promptly reached—a decision that was probably as important in its immediate results, and in its future effect upon the destinies of the country, as was any he was called upon to make during his entire career. The British had left at Princeton the Seventeenth, Fortieth, and Fifty-fifth infantry regiments and three squadrons of dragoons. They were to join Cornwallis in the morning; but could they be reached by the Americans before that time, their destruction was not impossible. Washington, calling his generals together, disclosed his plan, which was to move quietly around the enemy's flank and, marching rapidly on Princeton, strike a telling blow in that unexpected quarter.

It has been said that this strategy was the suggestion of General St. Clair; be this as it may, the movement was quickly executed. Silently sending off the *impedimenta* in the direction of Bordentown, the camp-fires were brightened, and pacing sentinels were left on guard, whose frequent challenges deluded the outposts of the enemy. Soon after midnight the ragged but heroic army broke camp, St. Clair's brigade leading the way. The other commands following, they pushed out far east of and around the sleeping British soldiers. In the deep stillness of the night, along a narrow new road through the woods, the troops silently defiled over the frozen ground, their departure entirely unsuspected by the enemy. In speaking of Revolutionary armies such terms as corps, divisions, and brigades are not always applied in the sense of their present uses. To mention a division does not imply a command made up of the full number of regiments and brigades. There were at least eleven generals with this little force that was stealing through the dark gloom of the forests towards Princeton, although the entire army barely aggregated a modern brigade. The number of commissioned officers was also out of all proportion to the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men. As a rule the line, field, and staff of a regiment or battalion had under them but a handful of soldiers. So far as I can learn, of this devoted band but three organizations of foot were completely uniformed and equipped. One was the Dover Light Infantry, clad in green, faced with red, which was a militia company raised in Kent County, Delaware, and commanded by Captain Thomas Rodney. The second was the 1st Delaware battalion under

the brave Colonel Hazlett. This command had already made a name for itself at the battle of Long Island, but at a fearful cost. Its strength, which at the outset had been a full thousand, now numbered but one hundred and five men. As its spirited and distinguished colonel rode by the side of his troops, encouraging the soldiers of his skeleton command, he little thought that in a few short hours, with the coming of the dawn, he was to be called upon to lay his young life on the altar of his country. The third uniformed organization was Colonel William Smallwood's battalion, a mere fragment—barely 70 men—of what in the preceding June had been a noble regiment, 1100 strong, composed of the finest youth of Maryland. On the 27th ^{day} of the preceding August, at a point in Brooklyn where now Fifth Avenue and 10th street intersect, the men of this command, together with their comrades from Delaware, held the enemy in check at a severe loss to themselves, while the rest of the regiments of Lord Stirling's division were making their escape from a most dangerous position. Three times they rallied and charged the enemy, knowing the result must be their own sacrifice, yet willing to suffer at so great a cost in order that while holding the British at bay their comrades could make good their retreat. The combat over, 256 of these Maryland lads were either lying among the dead and dying, or, with their general, Lord Stirling, were in the hands of the enemy. The carnage had not been in vain, as the flying Americans were saved from complete destruction. Washington, choking with emotion, witnessed this bravery from a little redoubt within the present boundaries of Court, Clinton, Atlantic, and Pacific streets, and the courage and self-devotion of this handful of young soldiers was the admiration of both armies. The only mounted force under Washington at this time was the First Troop Philadelphia Light Horse, commanded by Captain Morris. It was a militia company composed of twenty-one gentlemen of independent fortunes, whose services during their tour of duty were invaluable to the Commander-in-Chief. They furnished him with couriers, guards, patrols, and videttes, and when discharged, on the 23d of January, Washington tendered them his sincere thanks for the effective aid they had rendered the army. With each discharge was a testimonial which asserted that though the members were gentlemen of wealth they

had shown a noble example of discipline and subordination, and in several actions had manifested a spirit and bravery which would ever do honor to themselves and be gratefully remembered by their chief.

Among the artillery that was jolting and rumbling over the stumps and frozen ruts on this cold January night was a New Jersey command officered partly by men from Somerset County. It was known as the Eastern Battery of New Jersey State troops, and a month before had been assigned to Colonel Proctor's artillery regiment in General Knox's brigade. Early in the war, owing to the exposed situation of New Jersey, and to its lying between the two prominent cities that were likely to be the strongholds of the enemy, it was found necessary to organize a force for the protection of the inhabitants. These troops were volunteers from the county militia and were known as "New Jersey levies" and "State troops." Though primarily intended for home protection, they were required, when called upon, to serve beyond the borders of the State. The first organizations of these levies authorized by the Provincial Congress were two artillery companies which were formed in March, 1776, and were stationed in the eastern and western divisions of the State. Among the officers of the eastern battery were Captain Frederick Frelinghuyzen and Second Lieutenant John Van Dyke. This battery did excellent service at Trenton on the morning after Christmas. Its men also won the commendation of their general for the manner in which they served their guns at the battles of Princeton and Monmouth. Just now Captain Frelinghuyzen was campaigning in a familiar country, he having graduated from the College of New Jersey six years before, at the early age of sixteen. There were other "Princeton men" with the Continental troops, among them two of Washington's personal staff—Surgeon Benjamin Rush of the class of 1760, and Colonel Joseph Reed, whose parchment was dated in 1757. Von Moltke claims that the most important factor in the science of war is geography; these two staff officers, because of their local knowledge of the vicinity, are said to have contributed greatly to the brilliant success of that momentous winter's day, which a rising sun and this little army was about to make historic.

The morning of the 3d of January was clear and cold. A white hoar-frost sparkled and glittered on the fields, and the branches of

the trees were gemmed with buds of ice. Soon after daybreak the people in the vicinity of Princeton were awakened by the noise of musket-shots. File-firing commenced pattering like drumbeats, followed by a regular fusillade of platoons; then came the roaring of cannon. The citizens soon discovered that war in its full flower was at their very doors. General Mercer, with a small detachment from the main column, came upon the British advance at Samuel Worth's mill, near where the King's Highway crosses Stony Brook, about one mile west of the village. He would have been overwhelmed, but Washington, with the Continentals and militia, came to his support. A sharp and decisive engagement followed; in less than thirty minutes victory perched upon the American banners, and the enemy, horse and foot, were in full retreat. I do not propose to weary the patience of my listeners with an account of this famous battle. Able historians have made us all familiar with the miraculous escape of Washington when exposed to a cross-fire of friend and foe; have told over and over again of General Mercer's having been pinned to the earth by the fatal thrusts of British bayonets; of how the smoke rose above the combatants and hung in air, a clear white cumulus cloud, as if weighted with the souls of those who had just closed their eyes on the radiance of that winter morn; of the appearance presented by the British commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, who in the heat of the action rode at the head of his men on a little brown pony, with two springing spaniels playing before him; of Knox's training his artillery on Nassau Hall to dislodge a portion of the 40th regiment which had taken refuge in the college building; and of the many other incidents crowded within the short space of time occupied in completely routing the British forces. Taking into consideration the number of troops engaged, no action during the war was so fatal to American officers. One general, two colonels, one major, and three captains were killed; but then, as has been learned, officers were so numerous in that little army that even in so short an exposure to the enemy's fire that number of casualties was fairly to be expected. All told, the American loss was but 30, while the British left 100 dead on the field and nearly 300 men in our hands as prisoners, including 14 officers. Fifty of the captives were sent into Pennsylvania, the rest being brought along with the army.

Among the enemy's fatally wounded was a young Scotchman, William Leslie, a son of the Earl of Leven and a captain in the 17th regiment of foot. He was of a military line, being the descendant of that old Earl of Leven who was a soldier under Gustavus, and who, at the battle of Marston Moor, boldly rode at the head of his tongh Scotch Covenanters to oppose the cavalier troopers, massed by the thousands under the silken standard of Prince Rupert. It is a singular circumstance that when Captain Leslie received his death wound so far from home and kindred, the only two Americans knowing of him and his people were in the immediate vicinity, one being in the army against which he was contending. He fought his last battle almost within the shadows of the walls of a college whose president, John Witherspoon, was the life-long friend of his parents. Before being called to America Mr. Witherspoon had been a prominent Presbyterian minister at Paisley, a Scottish town not far from Melville House, the seat of the Earl of Leven. Captain Leslie's mother, the Countess, was a devout adherent to the kirk of Scotland, and had the interests of Presbyterianism much at heart. That she might keep informed as to its progress in America, for a number of years after her old friend had been called to the presidency of the College of New Jersey she continued with him a religious and friendly correspondence, and ever held him in high esteem. Strange as it may appear, when Leslie fell he almost at once received aid from another friend of his parents. Surgeon Benjamin Rush, of Washington's staff, had gained his medical education at the University of Edinburgh. While in Scotland he became acquainted with the family of the Earl of Leven. The young student's refined and polished manners, together with the peculiarly fascinating conversational powers with which he was endowed, made his frequent visits to Melville House always welcome. After his return to America he was ever held, especially by the Countess, in affectionate remembrance; this feeling was heightened to tender and grateful regard by the doctor's attention and services to her wounded son.

When the heat of the engagement at Princeton was over, Washington and his staff while crossing some fallen ground discovered a party of soldiers supporting an injured officer. Upon inquiring and learning his name and rank, Dr. Rush, who was in the general's

suite, thus addressed his chief: "I beg your Excellency to permit this wounded officer to be placed under my care, that I may return, in however small a degree, a part of the obligations I owe to his worthy father for the many kindnesses received at his hands while I was a student at Edinburgh." The request was, of course, granted. Rush was quickly out of the saddle, and with the aid of an orderly placed Leslie in a farmer's wagon that was collecting the wounded. The young soldier at once received surgical treatment, and every care and attention was bestowed on him until his death, which occurred during the following afternoon.

The Americans had no cavalry to follow the fleeing enemy, and the foot soldiers were in anything but a condition for pursuit. After the fight Washington was sorely tempted to push on to New Brunswick, in the hope of securing the British stores. It was impossible, owing to the condition of his men; for much of the past thirty-six hours they had been marching and fighting, many of them had had neither breakfast nor dinner, and the entire army was completely exhausted. He was thus forced to seek the hill country, where his victorious troops could, without molestation, obtain the rest and refreshment they so much needed. Re-forming his column, the general pressed on along the King's Highway to Van Tilburgh's Inn at Kingston, which stood, and until lately was still standing, on the north side of the thoroughfare. Here, turning to the left on the narrow, rocky hill-road, he marched his wayworn soldiers down the valley of the Millstone. The first intimation that Cornwallis had of the affair at Princeton was the booming of cannon on the break of that cold day which he had expected to devote to catching "that old fox." He was much chagrined at Washington's escape, but was soon in full pursuit, the rear-guard, under General Leslie, which had rested at Maidenhead, being in the van. A stern chase is always a long one. Much time was lost in crossing Stony Brook, the bridge having been destroyed. On nearing Princeton a cannon-shot from a small redoubt brought the British to a halt, their generals thinking that the Americans had fortified themselves in the town. This gun was fired by a few militiamen who had then hastily retired, but an hour was lost before Cornwallis discovered this and was again on the march. Having great fears for his military chest and supplies at New Brunswick, he hurriedly passed on through Princeton and

Kingston, without learning that at the latter place his foes had filed to the left.

Meanwhile, let us follow Washington, who was for the first time penetrating Somerset County. An auspicious advent; arrayed in the Continental blue and buff, as he sat his horse with all that martial dignity peculiar to himself, he came as a conqueror, welcomed by the enthusiastic greetings of the populace. The little army toiled along the east bank of the Millstone, the men in high spirits over the experiences of the twenty-four hours just past, but yet so weak from cold, hunger, and fatigue that they defiled along in dispersed order, with heavy steps, guns carried in whatever way was easiest, and their eyes almost glued with sleep. Many fell out by the way, and stretching themselves on the frozen ground sought that repose which exhausted nature refused longer to await. Not a few of the men were barely decently clad, much less amply protected from the wintry air, while, sad to relate, some were without covering for their feet. It is told that Washington, while riding by the side of his troops, noticed that William Lyon, a Continental soldier from Middlesex County, was without stockings and almost, if not entirely, without shoes. As he trudged sturdily along his bare and bloody feet left their marks on the ice and gravel of the roadway. The general, checking his horse, tapped Lyon gently on the shoulder and said: "My brave boy, you deserve a better fate." "Ah," replied the plucky young soldier, "there is no danger of my feet freezing as long as the blood runs." This Revolutionary hero survived that hardship and many others, not dying till 1841. Rumbling along in the midst of the column were country carts and wagons containing that sad contingent of all victorious armies, the wounded — poor wretches who rested wearily against the side of the wagon-bodies, their countenances making mute appeals for human sympathy, some with arms in slings, some with heads bandaged, some with limbs and jaws shattered, while others, lying in the straw, were pale and wan, with eyes fast glazing.

Much of interest appertaining to this march to Morristown is to be learned from the manuscript diary of Captain Thomas Rodney, of the Dover Light Infantry, which is preserved by his great grandson, J. M. C. Rodney, of Coolspring, Wilmington, Delaware. This officer's company was embodied into a regiment with the Philadel-

phia Light Infantry of four companies under the command of senior Captain Henry. When the van of the American army reached the bridge which then spanned the Millstone in front of the residence of Christopher Hoagland, near Griggstown, the British cavalry appeared in force on the opposite bank. Just then the condition of Washington's men was such that he desired neither to pursue or be pursued, so, riding forward, he ordered Rodney to halt and break up the bridge. The captain recites that on this being done the enemy was forced to retire. This would lead one to suppose that the river's depth at that time was much greater than now, as the present volume of water would hardly prove a bar to the passage of mounted men. Commissaries were sent forward to notify the inhabitants of the coming of the troops, and directing that food be prepared for their refreshment. It is said that this demand met with a fair response, and when the army at dusk reached Somerset Court House, Millstone, where it encamped for the night, a considerable number of rations were in readiness.

Washington and some of his staff quartered at the residence of Mr. John Van Doren, just south of the village; the house is still standing, as is the barn in which the general's horse was stabled. Mr. Van Doren's military guests were not always of so distinguished a character. Some months later it was soldiers of the enemy that took possession of this old homestead. Upon their approach the men of the household thought it wise to disappear, but old Mrs. Van Doren pluckily stood her ground and defied the intruders. She refused to give up her keys or tell where the family treasures were secreted, whereupon the brutal soldiers, after ransacking the house, hung her up by the heels in the cellar. After their departure she was released by her neighbors, but not until she was black in the face and almost lifeless.

During the night many laggards came into camp, and in the morning the column was again pushing northward, crossing the Raritan at Van Veghten's Bridge, near the present Finderne railway station. Here, as Rodney states, Washington was again tempted to march on New Brunswick, but realizing that his troops must have repose, he finally abandoned the project. Moving up the river, at Tunison's tavern, now Fritts's, the army filed to the right and continued over the hills to Pluckamin, which was reached during the

afternoon. The wounded were distributed in the houses of the village; the Lutheran Church, as a temporary prison, received the captured men, while in the Matthew Lane house, now owned by the Cornell family, the thirteen captured officers, it is said, were placed under guard. Poor Leslie was no longer a prisoner, his soul having taken flight while the wagon in which he and other wounded were carried was descending the hill below Chamber's Brook, at the outskirts of the village. The troops encamped on the bleak hillside south of Pluckamin, the top of which, as Rodney writes, was covered with snow. Torn with the shock of conflict, weak from need of nourishment, and enfeebled by cold and exhaustion, this place of security, together with the prospect of rest, was most grateful to the little army. Commissaries had been busy; within a few hours the camp was pretty well supplied with provisions, and before the drums beat tattoo nearly one thousand men who had been unable to keep up on the march rejoined their commands. When the darkness of night closed around Pluckamin Mountain, the ruddy glow of camp-fires shone among the trees near the foot of its northern slope. The flames, flashing up, illuminated groups of soldiers, stacks of arms, and tethered horses; near by, baggage-wagons, caissons, and cannon were parked in military lines, while here and there the shadowy forms of sentinels could be distinguished. There is no such comfort as fullness and warmth after cold and hunger. It was not long before most of the tired men were full length at the foot of the trees, forgetting the travail of a soldier's life in needful sleep.

Sunday, the 5th day of January, was a great day for Pluckamin. The news of Washington's being in Bedminster had rapidly spread, and while it was yet early, on the roads and lanes leading to the village numerous parties of country people could be seen, all hurrying to visit the soldiers and learn for themselves the latest news of the campaign. Throughout the entire day the place was astir with an animated multitude, and excitements of all kinds ruled the hour. Squads of infantry and artillerymen were everywhere. Farmers' wagons, laden with provisions, came rolling in from the neighborhood of Peapack, Lamington, and the valley. Stern, brown-visaged officers in heavy boots and tarnished uniforms were mounting here, dismounting there, and clattering through the streets in every direction. Foraging parties were being dispatched; couriers and express

messengers rode off in hot haste ; horses neighed, men shouted, and on all sides were handshakings and congratulations. The martial instinct of the people seemed alert; eyes sparkled and all hearts beat quickly. Every little while brought new arrivals of country people, and the details of the famous victory must be gone over again and again; although the war was yet young, the soldiers had plenty to tell of marches and counter-marches, of camp life and bivouacs, of attacks, routs, wounds, and hardships. And then the newcomers were carried off to the Lutheran Church, which was surrounded by a cordon of sentinels, and through the doors and windows, what a brave show!—two hundred and thirty British soldiers; broad-shouldered, big-boned Scotchmen, stalwart grenadiers and dragoons, brilliant with color—caged lions, who looked with gloomy stares upon the inquisitive and rejoicing Americans, whom the experiences of the past few days had taught them to better appreciate as soldiers and freemen. And so the day wore on. Everywhere was motion and confusion. Eoff's tavern kept open table, and on its porch Continental and militia officers of all grades mingled. It was clang-clang ! clang-clang ! all that Sunday on the anvil of the village forge; for from sunrise to the gloaming honest John Wortman and his brawny assistants were busy with hammer, sledge, and tongs, shoeing army horses and repairing army wagons. “Captain Bullion,” too,—John Boylan, Pluckamin's first store-keeper,—was robbed of his usual Sunday quiet, being obliged to expose his wares for the benefit of impatient soldiers and visitors. Surgeons hurried from house to house; drums beat for guard-mount; sub-alterns marched reliefs to the different sentry-posts, and the din of war was in the very air. Amid the bustle and animation, in fancy I can see Aaron Mellick,—or Malick, as he spelled his name,—my great-grandfather, clad in his Sunday breeches of blue cloth, his red waist-coat with flapping pockets showing from under an amply skirted coat adorned with metal buttons. He had come down from the “Old Stone House,” two miles away, with the hope of learning something of his boy John, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy at the disaster of Long Island; but that poor lad was still in the grip of Provost Cunningham, and knew nothing of the happy close of a campaign which had commenced for him rather ingloriously. At the breaking out of the Revolution, Aaron Malick was

beyond the age required for service in the militia; but he was an active patriot, a member of the Bedminster Township Committee of Observation and Inspection, and furnished the sinews of war. He did more than that, for he buckled the armor on his young son John—a lad of but eighteen—and sent him off with his blessing to fight the battles of his country. His younger brother Andrew also did excellent service during the war as a captain in the 1st Sussex regiment. In after years Aaron Malick often told the writer (G. G. F.) of the aspect Pluckamin had presented on those memorable days when it was occupied by the heroes of Trenton and Princeton. He especially delighted in reminiscences of the generals whose names grew greater as the war progressed—of Greene, tall and vigorous, with the air of one born to command; of Sullivan, alert and soldierly; of Knox, whose broad, full face beamed with satisfaction; but, above all, of the conspicuous figure of Washington, who seemed a king among men as he moved amid the throng with high-born eye, lofty but courteous port, and a calm, strong face reflecting a mind full of the tranquillity of conscious power. Tradition mentions the Cornell house, before referred to as still standing, as having been the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. He spent much of the early part of this Sunday in preparing his report of the battle of Princeton and of the movements of the army since crossing the Delaware. On the completion of the dispatch, Captain Henry was detailed to carry it at once to Congress at Philadelphia; this left Captain Rodney as next senior in rank in command of the light infantry regiment.

Visitors to Pluckamin on that eventful Sunday were treated to an unexpected affair of ceremony. About midday a detachment of forty men from Rodney's regiment marched into the village and drew up in line with its center opposite the entrance to the building in which lay the dead body of Captain Leslie—probably Eof's Tavern. The young British officer was about to be buried with the honors of war, the light infantry being selected as escort because of its soldierly appearance and superior uniform. The detachment was commanded by Captain Humphreys, it having been turned over to him by Rodney, who had not considered himself sufficiently familiar with the details of a burial ceremony. At the beat of muffled drum and wail of fife the men presented arms as the corpse was

borne from the house to the flank of the line. The escort then broke into column of fours and, reversing arms, marched in slow time and with solemn step to the Lutheran church-yard, where it filed to the left, forming in line opposite an open grave which had been dug near the head of Johannes Moelieh, the writer's great-great-grandfather. There were wet eyes and true grief at that sepulcher, for Dr. Rush was not the only mourner present. Among the citizens and military clustering about the bier were the captured British officers, whom Washington had generously permitted to be present in order that they might bid a final adieu to a comrade-in-arms who had been much beloved. And then the solemn hush was broken by the deep voice of the chaplain saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." As the simple service continued the body of the young warrior descended to its gravelly bed, the troops meanwhile resting their bent heads on the butts of their muskets, the muzzles being pressed to the ground. When the icy clods fell on the rude coffin the escort fired three volleys over the open grave, and then, shouldering arms, marched away, the drums and fifes striking up a lively tune on reaching the highway. The prisoners were returned to their quarters, the crowd dispersed and again contributed to the village tumults, leaving Leslie to sleep in his remote and retired tomb until its deep silence shall be broken by a majestic reveille, ushering in that eternal day which shall proclaim the full brotherhood of man, and in which such distinctions as friend and foe shall be no more forever.

Captain Rodney tells that these high military honors were accorded because of the desire of the American army to pay "due respect to bravery, tho' in an enemy." Leslie's gallantry in action at Princeton had won the admiration of his opponents; indeed, this may be said as of the entire 17th British regiment. In the height of the engagement Washington, on witnessing the courage and discipline of this command, could not forbear exclaiming to his officers, "See how those noble fellows fight! Ah, gentlemen, when shall we be able to keep an army long enough together to display a discipline equal to our enemy's?" The attentions of Surgeon Benjamin Rush to the son of his friends in Scotland did not end with the funeral. He marked his grave with a brown headstone inscribed, "In memory of the Honorable Captain William Leslie, of the 17th British

Regiment, son of the Earl of Leven in Scotland. He fell January 3d, 1777, aged 26 years, at the battle of Princeton. His friend Benjamin Rush, M. D., of Philadelphia, caused this stone to be erected as a mark of his esteem for his worth, and respect for his noble family." This headstone stood for nearly sixty years before it succumbed to the gnawing tooth of time. About the year 1835 Professor John D. Ogilby, of Rutgers College, when in Scotland, was requested by the then Earl of Leven to find and, if necessary, remark the grave. Upon the Professor's return to America he applied to the writer's father, Andrew D. Mellick, for information as to where the officer was buried. Together they visited Pluckamin and had the present stone set up, reproducing the original inscription.

This soldier's grave is a connecting link between our quiet Somerset village and the busy life of one of the most gifted Americans of the last century. When Dr. Rush died, at the age of sixty-eight, few men in the United States were better known, or were held in higher esteem for genius and learning, or were more sincerely beloved for philanthropy and good works. When at Pluckamin with Washington's army he was thirty-one years old, his Princeton degree having been gained at the early age of fifteen. In person he was above the middle stature, with a slender but well-proportioned figure. His combined features bespoke a strong and an active intellect, and though his whole demeanor was thoughtful and grave, expressive blue eyes illumined a highly animated countenance. Dr. Rush was a man of wide and varied knowledge, with a talent for imparting it to others that was singularly felicitous. It is claimed that no one long remained in his presence without feeling conscious of an intellectual refreshment; and a contemporaneous writer has recorded that "his conversation was an Attic repast, which, far from cloying, invigorated the appetite of those who partook of it." This distinguished surgeon must have left Pluckamin immediately after the burial of Captain Leslie, as on the following day he dated a letter from Bordentown, and on the same afternoon was summoned and went to Princeton to attend upon the dying General Mercer. Before the end of the month he had taken his seat in Congress, which was then sitting in Baltimore. His figure soon became a familiar one to Somerset people, as in April he received the

appointment of Surgeon-General to the Middle Department, and in July was made Physician-General of the Army.

Another interesting incident connected with the stay of the army at that time in Pluckamin was the arrival in camp of the gallant Captain John Stryker's troop of Somerset horse, laden with spoil from the enemy. Cornwallis, in his hurried march towards New Brunswick, was so unfortunate as to disable a number of his baggage-wagons. He left them at the side of the road in charge of a quartermaster with a guard of 200 men. Captain Stryker, though having with him but twenty troopers, resolved upon the capture of these stores. In the darkness of night he distributed his small force in a circle, completely surrounding the camp. The guard was suddenly astounded by a volley of musket-shots and the whistling of bullets, while from under the black arches of the bordering trees came loud and repeated shouts as if from a countless host. Demoralized by recent defeats the men incontinently fled, thinking that they had been attacked by a large force of the Americans. Their fright was not so much caused by the roar of musketry as by the unearthly yells of the lusty troopers which so suddenly broke the stillness of the night. Captain Stryker was not long in so repairing the wagons that they could be hauled to a place of safety; he lost no time in making his way to Washington's camp with his treasures. The joy of the troops was unbounded on discovering that the wagons contained woolen clothing, of which the men stood in sore need.

Early on the morning of the 6th of January Pluckamin lost as suddenly as it had gained the distinction of being the headquarters of Washington's army. Soon after sounding reveille the drums beat assembly and the men were under arms. The different commands filed out of camp and, forming into column, passed through the village, taking up their line of march northward. Our oft-quoted diarist has given us the formation. A small advance-guard led the way, followed by the humbled English officers; then came the light-infantry regiment, swinging along in column of fours; next, the prisoners, marching in a long thin line and flanked by Colonel Edward Hand's Pennsylvania riflemen; after them rode the doughty and intrepid Knox, sitting squarely on his horse, and followed by his artillery brigade as the van of the main column. Distributed

alongside the extended line were the mounted general and staff-officers. Rested and refreshed, it was probably the most peaceful and satisfactory march experienced by the Continental Army since leaving Hackensack—three months before—with Cornwallis at its heels. We may presume that precautions to guard against surprise were not considered necessary; it is not probable that squads of men were thrown out on the flanks, or that scouts and skirmishers ranged far in advance. Secure from pursuit, the little army in good heart trailed slowly along the narrow road, breaking in upon the country quiet with rattle of scabbard and snort of charger, with chomp of bit and jingle of harness, with rumble of baggage and gun-wagons and the crunch on the frozen ground of thousands of marching feet. On reaching the cross-roads, now Bedminster, the advance turned to the right. Passing over the north branch of the Raritan River the army climbed the Bernard Hills, awaking the echoes of their shaggy woods with the unaccustomed sound of drum and bugle. With frequent halts the column moved on through Vealtown, Bernardsville, and New Vernon, until just before sunset it reached Morristown, where we, after having piloted Washington and his men in safety through Somerset County, may leave them to go into winter quarters.





MEMBERSHIP ROLL.



<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1885	Abney, John Rutledge	20 Cortlandt st., New-York.
1887	Aborn, Robert W.	118 E. 38th st., New-York.
1886	Adams, Charles H.	16 E. 67th st., New-York.
1884	Allen, Ethan	115 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Angell, Malcom Henry	50 6th ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1888	Anthony, Richard Amerman	591 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Astor, Wm. Waldorf	7 E. 33d st., New-York.
1888	Badger, Wm. Whittlesey	128 W. 34th st., New-York.
1889	Baldwin, Walter Sherman	114 W. 70th st., New-York.
1885	Barnard, Horace	26 E. 35th st., New-York.
1887	Barrows, Henry H.	Windsor Hotel, New-York.
1884	*Bartow, Morey Hale, died 1886.	
1886	Belden, Wm.	810 5th ave., New-York.
1887	Belknap, Robert Lenox	5 Gramercy Park, New-York.
1886	Benjamin, Arthur Bedell	Stratford, Conn.
1885	Benjamin, Fred'k A.	Stratford, Conn.
1888	Benjamin, Geo. Powell	104 Chambers st., New-York.
1888	Benjamin, John	11 E. 33d st., New-York.
1889	Bishop, David Wolfe	13 Madison ave., New-York.
1887	Bissell, Pelham St. George	155 W. 58th st., New-York.
1886	Bissell, Wm. H.	51 E. 20th st., New-York.
1883	Bixby, Robert Forsyth	32 Nassau st., New-York.
1884	Bloodgood, Robert Fanshawe	8 W. 21st st., New-York.
1887	Bolton, James Clinton	115 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Bowen, Clarence Winthrop	251 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Brightman, Henry Jackson	78 Lexington ave., New-York.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1889	Brown, Edward Flint.....	36 E. 69th st., New-York.
1888	Browne, Henry Huffman.....	184 Madison st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1886	Bullus, Albert.....	51 Wall st., New-York.
1887	Butler, Charles, <i>LL. D.</i>	78 Park ave., New-York.
1884	Burrall, F. A., <i>M. D.</i>	48 W. 17th st., New-York.
1889	Butterfield, Daniel.....	Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y.
1887	Byington, A. H.....	Norwalk, Conn.
1887	Cadwalader, John Lambert.....	36 Wall st., New-York.
1888	Cannon, Henry White.....	18 E. 45th st., New-York.
1888	Carpender, John Neilson.....	57 White st., New-York.
1888	Carpender, William.....	39 W. 33d st., New-York.
1888	Carpenter, Reese.....	Mount Kisco, N. Y.
1885	Carr, Wm. Henry.....	Fifth Avenue Hotel, New-York.
1886	Carroll, Edward, Jr.....	10 Wall st., New-York.
1887	Casey, Edward P.....	28 W. 34th st., New-York.
1888	Chauncey, Henry, Jr.....	Garden City, N. Y.
1888	Cheesman, Timothy Matlack, <i>M. D.</i>	46 E. 29th st., New-York.
1887	Chrystie, John Albert.....	23 Nassau st., New-York.
1888	Chrystie, Thos. Mackaness Ludlow, <i>M. D.</i>	216 W. 46th st., New-York.
1886	*Chrystie, Thos. W., died 1888.	
1886	Clarkson, Ashton Crosby.....	136 E. 73d st., New-York.
1889	Clarkson, Banyer.....	15 W. 45th st., New-York.
1884	Clarkson, Floyd.....	39 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Clarkson, Geo. Taylor.....	48 E. 66th st., New-York.
1885	Clarkson, John Van Boskerck.....	39 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Clearwater, Alphonso Trumprbrour.....	Kingston, N. Y.
1886	Coale, Samuel Chase.....	Rutherford, N. J.
1886	Coe, Charles A.....	4 E. 46th st., New-York.
1887	Constant, Samuel Victor.....	405 W. 21st st., New-York.
1888	Coykendall, Samuel D.....	Rondout, N. Y.
1887	Crane, Charles Nicoll.....	119 W. 48th st., New-York.
1888	Crosby, Henry A.....	16 Broad st., New-York.
1886	Crosby, Livingston.....	118 E. 24th st., New-York.
1884	Crosby, Wm. B.....	120 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Curtiss, George E.....	277 Potter Building, New-York.
1885	Darlington, John Lacey, Jr.....	6 Bowling Green, New-York.
1885	Darlington, Wm. Lacey, <i>M. D.</i>	8 Vannest Place, New-York.
1886	Davidson, George Trimble.....	45 Broadway, New-York.
1889	Davis, Augustus Plummer.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
1889	Delafield, Albert.....	49 Exchange Place, New-York.
1885	Delafield, Clarence.....	Mobile, Ala.
1888	Delafield, F. P.....	475 5th ave., New-York.
1885	Delafield, Tallmadge.....	95 Liberty st., New-York.
1884	Delavan, Charles H.....	136 W. 22d st., New-York.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1884	Delavan, Christian S.	136 W. 22d st., New-York.
1886	Dickerson, Edward Nicoll.	7 Beekman st., New-York.
1886	Dickerson, Edward Nicoll, Jr.	64 E. 34th st., New-York.
1886	Dickerson, John S.	New-York Yacht Club, New-York.
1886	Diefendorf, Menzo.	200 W. 56th st., New-York.
1884	Dominick, Marinus Willett.	74 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Doudge, James R.	35 W. 45th st., New-York.
1889	Douw, Charles Gibbons	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
1887	Downing, Silas.	Windsor Hotel, New-York.
1884	*Drexel, Joseph W., died March 25, 1888.	
1888	Drown, Henry Russell.	147 W. 36th st., New-York.
1886	Drown, Henry Thayer.	147 W. 36th st., New-York.
1884	Edsall, Thomas Henry	Greenwood Springs, Colorado.
1888	Elsworth, Edward.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
1887	Emerson, John W.	Windsor Hotel, New-York.
1885	Evans, Thomas Grier.	49 Nassau st., New-York.
1887	Fairchild, Benjamin T.	84 Fulton st., New-York.
1888	Fairchild, Samuel W.	84 Fulton st., New-York.
1887	Fairchild, Thomas B.	Stratford, Conn.
1880	Farley, Gustavus, Jr.	64 South st., New-York.
1888	Farrand, Oliver M.	3½ Maiden Lane, New-York.
1886	Feefer, Jacob W.	128 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Ferris, Morris Patterson.	Garden City, L. I.
1885	Fitch, John.	261 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Fincke, Charles Louis.	106 Montague st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1885	Floyd, Augustus.	42 Pine st., New-York.
1886	Floyd, John G.	79 and 81 William st., New-York.
1885	Floyd-Jones, George S.	51 Wall st., New-York.
1888	Floyd, Nicoll, Jr.	26 Broad st., New-York.
1887	*Foster, James A., died March 10, 1888.	
1888	Fowler, Robert Ludlow.	29 W. 9th st., New-York.
1888	Fowler, Thomas Powell.	39 E. 68th st., New-York.
1887	Fry, George Gardiner.	Rye Neck, Wes. Co., N. Y.
1889	Fuller, Levi K.	Brattleboro, Vt.
1884	Gallup, C. Van Eversdyk.	Calumet Club, New-York.
1884	Gardiner, Asa Bird, <i>LL. D.</i>	31 Nassau st., New-York.
1887	Gawtry, E. Harrison.	18 W. 11th st., New-York.
1887	Gedney, Frederick G.	31 Nassau st., New-York.
1885	Genet, Albert Rivers.	132 Nassau st., New-York.
1884	Genet, George Clinton.	132 Nassau st. and Albemarle Hotel, New-York.
1889	Gerry, Allston.	Audubon Park, N. Y.
1885	Gerry, Elbridge T. (life member).	261 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Gibson, George Rutledge.	49 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Gibson, James Renwick, Jr.	77 Cedar st., New-York.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1888	Gibson, Robert Renwick.....	77 Cedar st., New-York.
1888	Goodwin, James Junius.....	45 W. 34th st., New-York.
1886	Goold, Clarence W.....	137 W. 122d st., New-York.
1888	Gray, Geo. P.....	43 W. 18th st., New-York.
1888	Greene, Richard Henry.....	10 E. 47th st., New-York.
1888	Greene, W. W.....	10 E. 47th st., New-York.
1888	Griffin, Francis B.....	21 E. 41st st., New-York.
1887	Griswold, Chester.....	23 W. 48th st., New-York.
1888	Grubb, Edward Burd.....	Edgewater Park, N. J.
1888	Guernsey, Egbert, <i>M. D.</i>	526 5th ave., New-York.
1884	Guild, Frederick Augustus.....	14 Remsen st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1884	Hackley, Caleb Brewster.....	16 Nassau st., New-York.
1887	Hackstaff, Wm. G.....	55 W. 27th st., New-York.
1887	Hale, Matthew.....	Albany, N. Y.
1888	Hall, Frederick J.....	3 E. 14th st., New-York.
1888	Hall, Henry.....	30 W. 34th st., New-York.
1889	Halsey, Geo. A.....	170 Broadway, New-York.
1886	Hamilton, Wm. Gaston.....	105 E. 21st st., New-York.
1886	Hamilton, Robert Ray.....	48 W. 38th st., New-York.
1888	Hamilton, Schuyler.....	Park Ave. Hotel, New-York.
1887	Harper, Franklin.....	Franklin Square, New-York.
1888	Hart, Charles E.....	350 State st., New Haven, Conn.
1889	Hart, Frederick J.....	New Haven, Conn.
1885	Hatch, Arthur Melvin.....	14 Nassau st., New-York.
1886	*Hatch, Nath. W. T., died May 8, 1888.	
1884	Hawes, Gilbert R.....	120 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Hawkes, E. McDougall.....	173 5th ave., New-York.
1886	Hawthorne, Julian.....	Scotch Plains, N. J.
1886	Hayes, R. Somers.....	18 Wall st., New-York.
1885	Healey, Warren M.....	1478 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Hecker, Geo. F.....	44 W. 37th st., New-York.
1885	Hedden, Edward L.....	38 W. 49th st., New-York.
1887	Hedden, Josiah.....	286 Madison ave., New-York.
1889	Herrick, John Van Boskerck.....	167 W. 129th st., New-York.
1889	Higgins, Eugene.....	137 5th ave., New-York.
1885	Hill, John L.....	155 6th ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1889	Hodges, Alfred	469 Bedford ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1884	Holcombe, W. F., <i>M. D.</i>	54 E. 25th st., New-York.
1885	Holt, George C.....	111 Broadway, New-York.
1889	Hopson, Francis Johnstone	1 Gramercy Park, New-York.
1884	Houghton, George W. W.	133 E. 84th st., New-York.
1887	Howell, Francis B.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
1887	Howell, Henry W.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
1887	Howell, Henry W., Jr.....	Elizabeth, N. J.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1835	Howell, Richard Stockton.....	16 E. 37th st., New-York.
1835	Hubbard, Grosvenor D.....	35 Wall st., New-York.
1837	Humphreys, A. W.....	45 William st., New-York.
1838	Humphreys, Rev. Frank Landon, <i>Mus. D.</i>	Garden City, L. I.
1838	Humphreys, Willard C.....	71 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.
1834	Huntington, Austin.....	175 W. 58th st., New-York.
1835	Huntington, Frederick Jabez.....	175 W. 58th st., New-York.
1835	Hurlburt, Percy Dakin.....	570 Monroe st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1836	Imlay, T. B. S.....	157 Madison st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1836	Ingersoll, Rev. Edward P., <i>D. D.</i>	485 Greene ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1834	Ireland, John B.....	170 Broadway, New-York.
1838	Ireland, John DeCourcy.....	15 E. 47th st., New-York.
1838	Ireland, Robert Livingston.....	15 E 47th st., New-York.
1838	Jackson, Ernest Henry.....	29 Grace Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.
1838	Jackson, Joseph C.....	138 E. 34th st., New-York.
1836	Jackson, Wm. H.....	825 Madison ave., New-York.
1836	Jay, John Clarkson, Jr., <i>M. D.</i>	17 W. 46th st., New-York.
1837	Jay, William.....	48 Wall st., New-York.
1835	Jewett, Rev. A. D. L.....	Fordham, N. Y.
1837	Johnson, Samuel William.....	Rye Neck, Wes. Co., N. Y.
1837	Johnson, William Samuel.....	Rye Neck, Wes. Co., N. Y.
1838	Jordan, John Powers.....	102 Broadway, New-York.
1837	Kent, Edward Henry.....	536 5th ave., New-York.
1835	King, Horatio C.....	46 Willow st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1838	King, John Alsop.....	Great Neck, N. Y.
1838	Kinney, John Coddington.....	Hartford, Conn.
1836	Knickerbacker, Henry.....	830 5th ave., New-York.
1837	Knight, Charles Huntoon, <i>M. D.</i>	20 W. 31st st., New-York.
1836	Lathrop, Francis.....	80 Washington Square, New-York.
1836	Lathrop, George Parsons.....	New London, Conn.
1835	LeRoy, Henry W.....	101 E. 19th st., New-York.
1834	Livingston, James Duane.....	5 E. 27th st., New-York.
1837	Livingston, Philip L.....	5 E. 53d st., New-York.
1838	Locke, Rev. Jesse Albert.....	34 Varick st., New-York.
1834	Lockwood, Howard.....	145 W. 58th st., New-York.
1838	Lockwood, Isaac Ferris.....	288 Lexington ave., New-York.
1834	Lockwood, James Betts.....	White Plains, N. Y.
1835	Luckey, C. C.....	348 W. 56th st., New-York.
1838	Lummis, Charles A.....	35 E. 30th st., New-York.
1839	Lyons, Crossman.....	51 Wall st., New-York.
1836	Malcolm, Philip Schuyler.....	Portland, Oregon.
1834	Marsh, Charles Baumann.....	274 W. 128th st., New-York.
1839	Martin, Charles Boman.....	Montclair, N. J.
1835	McDonald, Frank V.....	Pacific Bank, San Francisco.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1884	McDowell, Charles E.	120 Liberty st., New-York.
1884	McDowell, Wm. O.	120 Liberty st., New-York.
1888	Martin, Wm. Vail	2 W. 34th st., New-York.
1883	Mcigs, Charles A.	411 Washington st., New-York.
1884	*Merchant, John, died July 7, 1886.	
1888	Merwin, Aug. W.	Wilton, Fairfield Co., Conn.
1888	*Merwin, Rev. Sam'l J. M., died September 12, 1888.	
1888	Miller, Chas. Benjamin	102 Chambers st., New-York.
1888	Miller, Geo. Ernest	102 Chambers st., New-York.
1884	Miller, J. Bleecker	44 W. 9th st., New-York.
1884	Montgomery, James Mortimer	111 Wall st., New-York.
1886	Montgomery, Richard Malcolm	87 Pine st., New-York.
1886	Morfit, Clarence	38 E. 67th st., New-York.
1886	Morgan, Rev. Brockholst	15 E. 19th st., New-York.
1888	Morris, Dwight	Bridgeport, Conn.
1884	Morris, Gouverneur	80 Broadway, New-York.
1885	Murray, Charles H.	115 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Murray, Logan C.	1 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Murray, Russell	100 E. 17th st., New-York.
1887	Myer, Albert J.	Lake View, Erie Co., N. Y.
1888	Mygatt, John Tracy	327 W. 46th st., New-York.
1887	Nicholson, Chrystie Few	427 Broadway, New-York.
1883	Nicoll, Henry Denton, <i>M. D.</i>	51 E. 57th st., New-York.
1889	Olcott, J. Van Vechten	173 W. 73d st., New-York.
1888	Olyphant, John Kensett	50 W. 9th st., New-York.
1888	Olyphant, Robert	26 E. 46th st., New-York.
1885	Owens, James	154 E. 57th st., New-York.
1887	Parkin, Henry Grenville	49 5th ave., New-York.
1888	Parsons, Albert Ross	Garden City, L. I.
1887	Patterson, Jacob M.	152 Stanton st., New-York.
1888	Peabody, Charles A., Jr.	2 Wall st., New-York.
1888	Peck, Theodore Safford	Burlington, Vt.
1888	Peet, John Northrop	105 Montague st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1888	Perkins, Chas. Elwell	164 Congress st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1887	Perkins, Edward C.	115 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Perry, Wm. Sumner	25 W. 34th st., New-York.
1885	Pierrepont, John Jay	1 Pierrepont Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
1889	Pomeroy, Geo. Eltweed	Toledo, Ohio.
1888	Pinto, Francis E.	235 President st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1888	Pond, Charles H.	23 Wall st., New-York.
1889	Poole, Murray Edward	Ithaca, N. Y.
1885	Popham, George Morris	118 Waverley Place, New-York.
1884	Potter, Henry L.	Linden, N. J.
1888	Potter, Orlando B.	26 Lafayette Place, New-York.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1883	*Potts, Fredk. A., died Nov. 9, 1888.	
1884	*Potts, George H., died April 28, 1888.	
1889	Pratt, Henry	52 2d Place, Brooklyn, New-York.
1888	Prentice, Robert Kelly	9 W. 16th st., New-York.
1883	Pruyn, John V. S. L. (life member)	Albany, N. Y.
1888	Pumpelly, Josiah Collins	Morristown, N. J.
1888	Ray, James	145 Broadway, New-York.
1884	Redding, C. H. E.	294 Broadway, New-York.
1885	Reed, Theo. Freylinghuysen	Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.
1887	Revere, Aug. Le Fevbre	Morristown, N. J.
1887	Riker, John Jackson	45 Cedar st., New-York.
1889	Rockwood, Geo. Gardner	248 W. 43d st., New-York.
1886	Roe, Wm. James	Newburg, N. Y.
1885	Roosa, Daniel B. St. John, <i>M. D.</i>	20 E. 30th st., New-York.
1887	Runk, Rev. Edward J.	Cold Spring, N. Y.
1889	Salisbury, Richard Louis	42 E. 65th st., New-York.
1887	Sandford, Elliot	95 Nassau st. New-York.
1887	Sandford, Jared	Mount Vernon, N. Y.
1888	Satterlee, Douglas Rathbone	Clinton Bank, N. Y.
1886	Satterlee, Edward R.	36 Cedar st., New-York.
1886	Satterlee, F. LeRoy, <i>M. D.</i>	21 W. 19th st., New-York.
1883	Satterlee, Geo. B.	42 Broadway, New-York.
1886	Satterlee, Samuel K.	Rye, Wes. Co., N. Y.
1886	Satterlee, Walter	Y. M. C. A., New-York.
1886	Schuylar, Spencer D.	56 W. 38th st., New-York.
1886	Seeley, Henry W.	158 W. 45th st., New-York.
1886	Sheldon, Wm. Crawford, Jr.	2 Wall st., New-York.
1887	Short, Edward Lyman	11 E. 29th st., New-York.
1884	Shrady, Jacob	194 Broadway, New-York.
1884	Shrady, John, <i>M. D.</i>	66 W. 126th st., New-York.
1884	Shrady, William	194 Broadway, New-York.
1886	Sillcock, John J.	142 W. 16th st., New-York.
1883	Smedberg, Edmund Morton	45 Wall st., New-York.
1888	Smith, Rev. Dr. J. Tuttle	17 W. 18th st., New-York.
1884	Smith, Thos. West	229 W. 130th st., New-York.
1887	Sprague, Chas. E.	1271 Broadway, New-York.
1886	Squier, Frank	66 Duane st., New-York.
1886	Stanton, F. McMillan	Atlantic Mine, Houghton Co., Mich.
1889	Stafford, Wm. Frederick	Buckingham Hotel, New-York.
1884	Stanton, John R.	76 Wall st., New-York.
1889	Starr, Henry Farnsworth	Middleton, Conn.
1888	Stevens, Alex. Henry	62 Wall st., New-York.
1884	Stevens, John Austin	Newport, R. I.
1884	Stone, Wm	243 Broadway, New-York.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1887	Storm, Thomas.....	41 W. 81st st., New-York.
1887	Storm, Walton.....	120 Broadway, New-York.
1885	Strobel, Edward Henry.....	U. S. Legation, Madrid, Spain.
1886	Strong, Theron G.	38 W. 52d st., New-York.
1888	Stryker, Wm. Scudder.....	Trenton, N. J.
1886	Suydam, John R.	14 E. 41st st., New-York.
1888	Swan, Benj. L., Jr.	8 Broad st., New-York.
1883	Swartwout, John H.	Stamford, Conn.
1887	Swartwout, Satterlee.....	Stamford, Conn.
1887	Talbot, Theo. B.	36 New st., New-York.
1884	Tallmadge, Frederick S.	165 Broadway, New-York.
1885	*Tapp, Ed. Wm., died February 3, 1888.	
1889	Tapp, Edward Wright.....	15 Burling Slip, New-York.
1887	Taylor, Samuel R.	120 Broadway, New-York.
1884	Thompson, Alex. R., Jr.	201 Montague st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1884	Thompson, Wm. R.	55 Liberty st., New-York.
1885	Thompson, Von Beverhout, <i>M. D.</i>	111 W. 43d st., New-York.
1887	Thornall, C. Eugene.....	1133 Lexington ave., New-York.
1888	Thornall, Ed. Voorhees.....	1133 Lexington ave., New-York.
1886	Tomlinson, John Canfield.....	40 Wall st., New-York.
1886	Tomlinson, Theo. E.	39 Broadway, New-York.
1889	Townsend, Arthur Farragut.....	15 Park Row, New-York.
1886	Tremain, Henry Edwin.....	167 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Trenchard, Edward.....	152 W. 57th st., New-York.
1889	Turner, Thomas Morgan.....	109 Duane st., New-York.
1889	Tuttle, Ezra B.	494 Bedford ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1889	Tyler, Henry Whitney.....	1202 10th ave., New-York.
1885	Tyler, Mason W.	167 Broadway, New-York.
1888	Vail, Chas. Montgomery.....	173 Congress st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1888	Vail, James Wm.	252 Carlton ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
1886	Valentine, Abraham B.	10 E. 41st st., New-York.
1885	Vanderpoel, John A.	224 Madison ave., New-York.
1888	Van Vechten, A. V. W.	55 William st., N. Y.
1886	Van Winkle, Edgar Beach.....	117 E. 70th st., New-York.
1884	Varnum, James M.	31 Nassau st., New-York.
1885	Ver Planck, Wm. Gordon.....	42 Pine st., New-York.
1887	Wainwright, John Tillotson.....	23 E. 28th st., New-York.
1888	Wakeman, Abram, Jr.	102 Front st., New-York.
1887	Ward, Sylvester L. H. (life member)	65 Wall st., New-York.
1888	Warley, Felix.....	N. Y. Club, New-York.
1884	Warren, Asa Coolidge.....	239 W. 21st st., New-York.
1885	Webb, Alex. Stewart, <i>LL. D.</i>	15 Lexington ave., New-York.
1889	Webb, William Seward, <i>M. D.</i>	680 5th ave., New-York.
1886	Weston, Rev. Dan'l Coney, <i>D. D.</i>	2 Rutherford Place, New-York.

<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1883	Wiggins, John Ward, Jr.	171 Broadway, New-York.
1885	Wilson, Henry A.	315 E. 28th st., New-York.
1887	Wood, E. T.	41 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Wood, Samuel Seymour.	120 Broadway, New-York.
1887	Wooster, J. E.	41½ W. 45th st., New-York.
1885	Wright, W. F., <i>M. D.</i>	57 W. 10th st., New-York.
1887	Wyeth, Geo. Edward.	5 E. 27th st., New-York.
1887	Wyeth, Leonard J., Jr.	Riverdale, N. Y.
1889	Wylie, Geo. Sandford.	Morristown, N. J.

 Total membership, to date, 333.

In Memoriam.



<i>Date of Initiation.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	
1884	JOHN MERCHANT.	July 7, 1886.
1884	MOREY HALE BARTOW.	1886.
1886	THOS. W. CHRYSTIE.	1888.
1885	ED. WM. TAPP.	Feb. 3, 1888.
1887	JAMES A. FOSTER.	March 10, 1888.
1884	JOSEPH W. DREXEL.	March 25, 1888.
1886	GEO. H. POTTS.	April 28, 1888.
1886	N. W. T. HATCH.	May 8, 1888.
1888	Rev. S. J. M. MERWIN.	Sept. 12, 1888.
1888	FREDK. A. POTTS.	Nov. 9, 1888.





